I Kicked A Vampire In The Nuts

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I Kicked A Vampire In The Nuts

By Lil-Miss-Massacre

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Chapter 1

I Kicked A Vampire - Part 1

Chapter 1:

It all started on Thursday morning.

It was like any other day. I woke up, took a quick shower, got dressed, did my make up, ate breakfast, packed lunch and went on my way to Crystal Valley High School.

"Hey Allie!"

Climbing out of my car, my eyes light up when I see my friends running towards me.

Would you like a quick introduction? Veronica the pretty though dumb one. Kayla the average, but

athletic one. Mia the exotic beauty and whore of our group. Stephanie the insanely intelligent, crazy one who's pretty average looking as well. Then there's me...

Allison McCourt. I'm about 5'7" and skinny...that comes from years of eating disorders when I was younger. I'm kind of gangly with stringy ginger hair and freckles. My eyes are bright green and I guess I'm pretty. I'm not beautiful by a mile and due to the dark under eye circles I have from lack of sleep (exams people, gotta study!) and deathly pale skin, I tend to look a bit...I don't know ghost-ish. I think the thing I hate about myself most is the fact that due to the anorexia, I have no boobs...I'm rather flat chested and guys at my school love something to hold onto apparently (this information comes from listening about Mia's newest adventure).

My family moved to Crystal Valley when I was six and I met Sephy (Stephanie) a week after we moved in. We've been best friends ever since.

My family consists of two parents, Elisa and Derrick McCourt and four siblings. I'm the middle child. My

big brothers Matt and Patrick are eighteen and twenty one. My little brother and little sister Jeremy and Mikhaila are twelve and fourteen. I'm sixteen, turning seventeen in three days, the 7th of April.

Anyway, enough about...well...THEM.

Thursday.

Being bombarded by my friends as soon as I park is nothing new. I experience it everyday, but for some reason, today they seem to be bubbling with excitement.

"Okay you guys. Enough with the pleasantries. What's up?" I question them, my mind whirring with endless possibilities of what's making them so excited.

Vera (Veronica) jumps forward and her hand shoots up, "Ooh! Ooh! Me! Please pick me!"

I laugh and nod and she continues, "We have new students! Two INSANELY dreamy guys!"

Boys. That's all they think about, boys.

"You're excited about a couple of boys?" I ask them, rolling my eyes in disappointment.

"Hell yeah! These two are yummy!" Kayla, who I'm ashamed to say, I figured was a lesbian due to her lack of interest in men...wait...oh that could be me?

Am I a lesbian?

I stare at Mia. Shaking my head I come to the conclusion that I am not lesbian.

"I see. Well yummy or not, I really couldn't care less." I explain with a smile.

The girls merely nod as I wander away from them.

The bell rings and I sigh and make my way to my first class. PE.

I love PE. I'm not as athletic as Kayla, but I'm pretty good at exercising.

Changing into my PE gear, I start running, I always complete six laps before and after PE, just to get my heart pounding.

"Hello there."

Glancing to my left, I see him. He must be one of the new guys. The girls were right, he is 'good looking'.

"Greetings."

My head swings around to the right and I let out an agitated grown at the sight of the other one.

Both were pale. About as pale as me and tall, at least 6'2" maybe taller. One had pitch black hair and dark blue eyes. The other had the same dark blue eyes, but had sandy blonde hair.

I think the most disgusting thing about them is the fact they both KNOW they're good looking. I can tell by the way they hold themselves as they run.

Shaking my head, I run faster to get away from them and finish my running quicker than I do usually.

We're playing soccer today. Woo! *hint sarcasm*

As I was running around the grass, I felt something come right up behind me.

"Hey beautiful."

Freezing on the spot, I glare at the dark haired new guy as he runs off chuckling at me.

The ball comes towards me.

I'm going to the left, but he's standing to the right...

Kicking the ball to my right, I keep the ball, swerving to miss other players in my team as I get nearer to him.

When I'm just a metre away from him, I swing to kick the ball but accidentally miss and get Mr Yummy in his crown jewels.

His eyes widen as his hands shoot down to cup and he slows drops to the ground.

Smirking at getting my revenge, I glare down at him, "Don't call me beautiful. You don't even know me."

Turning around, I roll my eyes and kick the ball back into the game while I go and run laps around the field yet again as punishment for my cruel act.

1 lap...2 laps...3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9...12, 15, 19...

I'm losing count.

I can hear the coach yelling at me to stop and come back into the game, but I don't.

I push myself onward concentrating only on the sound of my feet hitting the ground in the repetitive thud, thud, thud sound.

Suddenly I stop, physically unable to go any further as I collapse.

"She's dehydrated. She pushed herself too hard. Silly girl..." coaches voice seems far far away to me.

I must have passed out because when I open my eyes I'm at home.

"Look who's awake. Welcome back sleeping beauty."

That voice...urgh, the one that's been grating on my nerves, invading my dreams with its sheer obnoxiousness.

Sitting up, I rub my head and grab the glass of water nearby, drinking the contents of the glass quickly to soothe my dry throat.

"What are you doing here?" I hiss at HIM.

Black haired boy chuckles, "Well I carried you home. You were passed out and coach agreed to let me go home too."

Turning away from him, I make a 'hmmph' sound and stand up shakily. I feel like throwing up.

Stumbling down the hallway outside my room, I enter the bathroom and bring up the breakfast I had consumed this morning.

"And why didn't you leave to go home?" I demand to know.

"Well, I couldn't be bothered. I'm Bailey by the way. It would be nice to know the name of my attacker and the girl I rescued." He exclaims as he leans against the bathroom doorframe.

Turning to glance up at him, I stand up and clean my face in the sink, "Get out of my house." I tell him sternly.

His eyes flash with some unknown emotion...wait. No he just looks genuinely shocked.

"What? You never been rejected before?" I ask him.

Bailey's head moves up and down slowly as he stares at me in disbelief, "Never...I mean...look at me!" he

motions to himself and I poke a finger in my mouth to imitate puking.

"Yeah okay let's get this straight. You may be attractive and alluring and whatever other synonyms you can think of for those, towards OTHER girls, but listen here honey. You just aren't my type." I tell him as I push him out down the hallway and out the front door.

Who does he think he is?!

Chapter 2

I Kicked A Vampire - Part 2

Chapter 2:

"Mom, I'm going out okay?"

"Okay sweetheart! Be careful and can you please pick up some more milk and maybe some sugar?"

Rolling my eyes, I laugh quietly to myself, "I need to know mom! Is it maybe or definitely?"

"Definitely! I just dropped out new bag on the floor!" there is a pause, "I would also like some more cleaning spray and handy towels! And a bag of flour!" my mother's frustrated voice calls through the house.

Grabbing my jacket and my purse, I wander outside.

Closing the door behind me, I stroll out of the gate and down the road towards the grocery store.

"Hey Martin." I grin at the cashier.

I've known him for years, he's our next door neighbour. He's eighteen, the same age as my brother Matt.

"Hey Allie." He smiles back at me, "What are you doing out in the dark? It's a bit dangerous for a pretty girl."

Shrugging, I pay for the items my mother requires and grab the bag, "I'm not a pretty girl so I'm safe." I laugh as I wander out of the store.

The night air is cold for some reason, it's not meant to be that cold...it's Spring.

Shivering slightly, I pull my jacket around me tighter as I clutch the bag in my fist tightly and start walking home. It only takes five minutes, not long at all.

Suddenly a man emerges from the shadows.

He's dirty and ragged...his breath reeks of alcohol and I back away slightly.

"Hello precious."

My eyes widen as I catch sight of a flash of silver. He has a blade!

Wow. How unfortunate is this?!

'-dangerous for pretty girls.' 'I'm not a pretty girl.'

Oh the irony.

"What do you want?" I snarl at him, hoping to confuse him or put him off by acting hostile and confident.

It works...for the first few minutes. He glares at me, brandishing his blade dangerously, "Gimme your money and whatever's in the bag!" he croaks in a revoltingly gruff voice.

"No! How dare you threaten a young woman in the street?!" I demand angrily, my anger clouding my fear.

"D-don't make me hurt you!"

Stepping forwards, he shakes his head and turns away muttering to himself.

An exultant smile graces my lips, "Stupid hobo."

Spinning around in a flurry of rage, the man flies at me.

I feel a stinging sensation in my stomach and the world seems to be moving in slow motion as the ground rushes up to me. My head cracks against the pavement and my hands move to the hole in my stomach, feeling the sticky liquid pouring out.

My downfall...my insistence of having the last word is my downfall and now I'm going to die.

Oh god. I'm going to die on a path by the side of the road. I'm going to bleed out. I'll be found in the morning in a pool of dried up blood! I never wanted to die this way! I always thought I'd go gracefully like in my sleep or something!

It hurts. Oh god...

"Hmm..."

Wh-what was th-that? A voice? A person?!

No. I must have imagined it.

Suddenly I feel hands. Shifting my own hands away from my wound.

Their hand shifts beneath my back, lifting me, their other hand supporting me under my knees.

"Hush...shh it will be ok."

My eyelids flutter closed though. Passed out from blood loss. The last thought in my mind is that I cannot wait to get my hands on that dirty bastard who stabbed me.

"You're very susceptible to fainting aren't you?"

Groaning in response, I wriggle over onto my side and curl up into a ball.

An excruciating lightning strike of pain shoots through me from my stomach as I fly into a sitting position, tears streaming down my cheeks.

Don't cry! God, stop being a baby!

Wiping my tears away, I stop myself from crying and peer around at my surroundings.

It's a bedroom.

It's a very nice bedroom, but it's not MINE...

The bed is a king size with silk black sheets and is made of dark wood. The walls are dark red and there is a huge marble fireplace opposite where I'm sitting next to a door. There is another door as well, I'm betting one of them leads to a bathroom. Hanging above me is a large, very elaborate looking chandelier, gosh, the diamonds look so real, I wonder how they got them like that...

Everything is so beautiful!

Gazing down, I see that I'm clad in only my underwear which, a blush spreads through my cheeks, has pictures of lollipops that say 'Lick Me'. A white bandage is wrapped around my stomach, I can see the faint traces of blood that's seeping through from my wound.

"Where am I?" I enquire, suddenly remembering that I'm not alone due to the fact I'd heard a male's voice just moments before.

"My house."

Turning my head, I see him and my jaw drops.

"Bailey?" my head is starting to hurt...

"Yes. After you so cruelly cast me out of my house, I decided to go to the park. Imagine my surprise when that night, I found you lying on the sidewalk in a pool of your own blood. At first I thought I'd leave you, but then I decided that leaving such a-" his eyes rake over me, taking me in, "Fiesty young human to die would be such a waste."

Biting my lip, I stare at him ignoring the pains in my stomach as I try to comprehend what he's saying.

"Human?" I question.

What does he mean human?

.....

Yeah, I know this one is WAY shorter than the first chapter, but I just wanted to get something up. I figured to cut it off here due to the fact I need to go out somewhere lol =D Anyway, hope you like it! Please vote and comment, I really love to hear your

opinions and your thoughts on my stories! They're what keep me writing =D

Chapter 3

I Kicked A Vampire - Part 3

Chapter 3:

Before Bailey can answer, the door swings open and the blonde boy from school walks in.

"Aha! I KNEW you'd taken her! I knew it!"

Bailey rolls his eyes and throws a pillow at his head, "Shut up Adrian!" he hisses, shifting on the bed so he's in front of me, his hand pushes me backwards and I let out a hurt cry as my stomach stings again.

Adrian is glaring at Bailey, "God, you can't just take girls off the street!"

"Aww...but look at her!"

Adrian does look at me briefly before going back to yell at Bailey, "Okay, I looked at her. It still doesn't mean you can STEAL people!"

"Uh I think it does considering I just did." Bailey exclaims nonchalantly as he reaches behind him.

I watch his hand warily, I don't like that hand...who knows what it's done to me while I've been unconscious.

"Oh quit it Bailey! Now give her here! You are NOT qualified to look after humans!"

Glancing up Adrian, my frown deepens, "There's that 'human' word again! What the hell is going on?!" I swing my feet over the side of the bed and stand up before either of them can stop me, "Why aren't I at the hospital? Where are my family?!"

Adrian steps forwards and I see the open door and plan to make my escape.

Clutching my stomach protectively, I sprint straight past a very startled looking Adrian and out the bedroom door.

I practically fly around corners and down corridor upon corridor with a hysterical shriek that echoes around me.

That is...until that door opens.

I crash into it, ricocheting into floor, I can see blood seeping through quicker now and I let out a frustrated 'urgh'.

"Here, let me help you."

Peering up, I see a guy who looks somewhat like Adrian and Bailey, pale skin and dark eyes, but this guy has platinum blonde hair, offering me his hand.

Taking it, he pulls me to my feet and into his chest.

I attempt to take a step backwards, my cheeks growing pink, but he doesn't let go.

"Who're you?" he enquires, "Are you appointment 21?"

I merely nod my head, unable to do much else and he chuckles, "Well I don't know why they'd send an injured girl unless...perhaps they're trying to get back on my good side."

A small squeak escapes my lips as he drags me into the room behind him and closes the door.

Before I can react, his lips are on mine as he crushes me into the wall. I clamp my mouth shut, "Get off me!" I shriek.

The guy chuckles and grabs me, spinning me around and pushing me back onto the bed, "Ooh feisty. They're finally learnt what I want!" he grins as he moves over me.

He places kisses over my collarbone and up my throat, ignoring my struggling as his lips move over my own yet again.

His tongue pushes through my lips and into my mouth and I let out a squeak of fear before biting down on his tongue.

My mystery...rapist we shall call him for now, lets out a scream and jumps away from me, glaring at me, "BITCH!"

My eyes widen as he pounces on me, "I LOVE IT!" he chuckles as he sucks on my neck, "Keep going baby!

I'm gonna have to get you back tomorrow. I have a new favourite."

His fingers rip my bandages off and his eyes darken briefly before going almost fluro blue, so light it's freakish.

Leaning down, my stomach churns and his tongue tentatively flicks over the fresh blood oozing from the wound.

"You taste..." his pupils flick into thin diamonds, just like a cats and his canines slowly grow longer and sharper as he leans down again.

"No! NO!" I writhe against him, "LET ME GO! LET ME GO!" my voice cracks as I panic.

"LET GO OF HER!"

A pair of hands grip my rapist and tear him away from me.

Bailey throws him into the wall and I watch in horror as he crashes right through into the next bedroom.

I gaze up at Bailey with newfound respect, "I uh...thanks. I didn't really feel like getting raped..." I whisper, my voice hoarse, "What is he? What are you all?"

Adrian suddenly crashes into the room. He always seems to be about five minutes too late.

Bailey glances at Adrian causing Adrian to shake his head violently, "Oh no! No! You are NOT tellin-"

"Ignore the blonde!" I hiss throwing a dirty look towards Adrian, "And tell me!"

"We're vampires." Bailey states simply.

The room falls into an awkward silence.

How terribly unfair. He didn't even give me a chance to prepare myself! Rude! Obnoxious! Gah!

Stomping my foot, I point at him angrily, "YOU! You are the most horrid, lying-" I'm struggling for words at the moment, I'm still a little fuzzy, "Horrid-"

"You already said horrid." Bailey pipes up.

Adrian steps forward and pulls out a pair of glasses from his pocket, "Might I suggest a few synonyms?

Perhaps revolting? Irritating, moronic, idiotic, egotistical, megalomaniacal, obsessive, apathetic-" he continues citing words to me from memory.

I turn back to Bailey, "I just...URGH! I can't even look at you right now!"

"Are you alright Allie?" he enquires.

Am. I. Alright.

I had been just about to leave when he said those infernal words.

Spinning around, I grab the closest thing I can and haul it at him, "AM I ALRIGHT?! ALRIGHT?! DO I FREAKING LOOK ALRIGHT?!" my voice raises an octave, "I am BLEEDING. I have been KIDNAPPED. Some FREAK just tried to lick my BLOOD and RAPE me. Dorkymcdorkypants here-" I motion towards Adrian who is still suggesting words like an endless thesaurus, "Wont SHUT UP about how horrible YOU are and YOU. Time to zero in on him. YOU Mr De'Vierre are the most annoying, self centred jerk of an adolescent I have EVER had the displeasure to come into contact with. You're awful and I hate you!

You slimy horny LIAR!" I shriek at him, grabbing the lamp from the opposite table and throwing it at him as well.

He ducks, but it gets him in the elbow.

Okay, let me explain something. Me, Allison McCourt angry = more flying items which = more bruises and cuts.

"And-" I hadn't thought far enough to continue my speech..."I am leaving!" I yell as I limp out of the room and down the hall.

The guy from before is strolling up the stairs, his eyes back to a normal dark blue.

He winks at me and I hiss at him, "Leave me alone BUCKO." I spit the word as I continue past him.

I come to some stairs and go down them to find myself in a lounge. Hoorah.

Clutching my oozing stomach, I wander into the next room and find myself in a kitchen.

Well that's better than stupid television.

Opening one of the seven fridges, I slam it shut again, all colour draining from my cheeks at the sight inside.

Scarlet, sprayed up all sides, severed limbs in a small, somewhat neat pile at the bottom of the fridge and the head of the body on the shelf. Eyes glazed over...silvery...unknowing and empty.

Oh my god...

"They're going to kill me...they really are vampires. Oh god...oh, oh...I don't want to die!" I weep pathetically as I lie my head on the bench.

"Well sweetheart, crying like that isn't going to do any good now is it?"

Glancing up, I stop when I see her.

A woman, tall, probably as tall as Adrian (who is the taller of the two boys). Her hair is dark as night and her eyes pale grey. She's easily the most beautiful woman I have ever seen.

She wanders over and sits beside me, her eyes unnaturally hard, "Now. Is what I am hearing true?

And if so..." she leans in close and smirks, "Which of my sons have been bothering you honey? I am sure they are aware of the punishment for hurting innocent human girls..." she laughs.

Something about her laugh is...cruel...I shudder at the thought of what said punishment could be. I mean, what horrible deed can you do to a vampire?

"All of them." I murmur.

She slowly rolls up her sleeves, "Alright then...time for mother dearest to teach her boys a lesson." She exclaims darkly.

Chapter 4

I Kicked A Vampire - Part 4

Chapter 4:

.:Bailey:.

The door flies open and I see our mother standing there watching us.

Us...my brother's and me...

Me with my fist pounding into Lyle's stomach repeatedly, Lyle with his knife against Adrian's throat and Adrian with...nothing, but trying frantically to hurt me in someway.

We freeze in our places, staring up at her with wide eyes.

"Yes mother?" Adrian questions, gulping slightly.

She puts her hands on her hips and keeps her gaze steady, "A little birdy told me that you boys were hiding a human and that you were...torturing her." She exclaims.

Lie! LIE! Lyle silently shrieks at me, the same thing is coming from Adrian.

Being triplets, we share a bond. That bond allows us to share thoughts.

"No way. We know not to do that!" I exclaim, standing up and brushing myself off, "Because that...would mean we would have to-"

"No? Hmm, see that's not what the birdy told me."

Then I see her. Well...I smell her first. The fruity scent of human blood enters my senses and I just knew...

That deceiving, annoying little-

"See, Allie here told me EVERYTHING on the way up here."

Allie's cheeks suddenly flood with colour when she sees us staring at her.

Allie...

It may seem like I was doing that whole 'spur of the moment actions' by taking her, but not really. Allison McCourt is special. Ever since I helped her out of that tree eleven years ago, I've had an attachment to her. Of course, I hadn't seen her in years but I knew which high school she attended and decided to see for myself what Allison had grown into, desperately hoping she was an awkward, geeky teenager so that I could get over my infatuation quickly.

I spent a couple of weeks watching her and was horrified to find that she had grown into this tanned, dark haired beauty who seemed to entice me with her every movement or word.

As the weeks passed, I found myself liking her more and more. I'd never admit it thought. She was far too up herself for my liking.

So when I first attended her high school with Adrian (he'd insisted on finding out who this girl was) and went to my first class, I saw this girl running around the field. She seemed to be concentrating on something or at least deep in thought about

something. Her long curly orangey coloured hair was tied back in a ponytail and she had a light brushing of freckles over her cheeks. Her eyes were the most vivid green I had ever seen in my life...

Imagine my surprise when I'd asked coach who she was and got the answer 'That there is little Allison McCourt. She's one of my best runner's but she refuses to do any track for me...shame all that potential is going to waste.'

So the girl I had been chasing after for weeks and weeks was not actually the girl I had thought she was. Instead I got this...bitch.

Although she could look a bit better she wasn't a complete loss. She was a little skinny, her hair was a strange shade of orange and she has less boobs than our butler. She also had a temper, a stubborn streak and was entirely too...thinky? I don't know how to explain it, but she just had to THINK every little thing through, debating pros and cons? Calculating chance it's the right thing to do? It's creepy. Teenagers don't think. It's weird when they do.

Back to the present...My mother Catherine has this thing she punishes us with. It has to be the single most horrible thing she could ever do to us. It makes us ill, puts us through excruciating pain and makes us claw at our eyes and throats...

Mom has always ALWAYS been an AWFUL cook.

When we've been bad, she makes us eat her food. Let me tell you this, our mother does not like recipes. So don't you go telling us we're wusses or babies! YOU DON'T HAVE TO LIVE WITH IT! She simply thinks of what she wants to make and puts in what she imagines should be in it. Do you know how she makes buffalo wings? She TRIED to find buffalo wings and when she found out they don't have wings, she decided to use the hooves. Why the hooves? Well, wings are what birds use to get around. What do buffalo's use to get around? Answer? Their feet.

You don't even want to know what she makes fish fingers out of...

On the way out of the bedroom, I grab Allie and drag her over to the left.

"You told on us?" I ask her angrily.

She bites her lip and stares at the ground, "You freaking kidnapped me! You should be grateful I didn't tell her you killed my parents or something stupid like that."

Lowering my gaze to the floor, I kick my foot out nervously, "Uh yeah...well..."

Allie glares at me, "You know what? I don't care what she does to you! You deserve it and I am leaving." She hisses.

My heart starts pounding faster...or it would if it were beating, "NO! You can't!" I grab her arm and she screams and jumps away from me.

"What the hell is the matter with you?! Get away from me!"

With that, I let her go.

It wouldn't be worth keeping her around if all she is going to do is yell and scream. She has such a piercing yell...and her voice does this thing her she goes up an octave after ever sentence or so until only

the dogs can hear her. Well we can too, but that's just because we have such good hearing.

Besides. I only brought her back here to patch her up like any normal human would right?

It's not like I secretly care for her or anything right?

....right?

Chapter 5

I Kicked A Vampire - Part 5

Chapter 5:

I obviously didn't think leaving through...which is strange considering I've always been the type of person to really think things through instead of diving straight into them.

But now, as I'm wandering down the insanely long, seemingly endless driveway in the pitch blackness, wearing only my bra and panties and limping from stepping on sharp stones. My stomach is not bleeding anymore I think, but just in case, I'm using some t-shirt I picked up on my way out of the house, to put pressure on it.

I walk for hours...or at least what seems to be hours. I can't be sure.

Finally, I come into a town and walk towards the nearest building which happens to be a club.

Tugging the t-shirt over my head, I sigh in relief to find that it came down to my mid thighs and that I didn't look too much like a whore or anything.

Entering the club, I am instantly overwhelmed by the loud obnoxious music that seems to be making the floors vibrate beneath my feet, and flashing lights that are almost seizure inducing.

I wander up to the bar and sit down, lying my head on the hard surface and closing my eyes to keep from crying.

"Can I help you?"

Glancing up briefly, I shake my head at the bartender, "I don't drink alcohol..."

He chuckles, "It's alright. Neither do the rest of us." He grins at me revealing two very sharp, white fangs.

My heart skips a beat as I turn to look at the other people dancing around to the music. All smiling as they sip at their dark red drinks, their eyes fluro shades of yellow, green, purple and blue in the strange lighting. I can't believe I hadn't noticed before...

"Where am I?" I ask him.

The bartender shrugs, "You're in Emerald City which is wrongly named due to the fact we're barely a town. You know? Home to the vampires? I'm sure that if yo-" he cuts off, he's been leaning closer and closer to me.

Suddenly his eyes change colour to a darker shade of his normal green, "You're human." He exclaims quietly.

Still he comes closer to me though until his head is resting upon my chest listening closely to the erratic heartbeat fluttering from within. He breathes in, "I wouldn't have noticed without being close to you. Your scent is covered by the dirt and night air."

Biting my lip, I don't dare move in case he decides he'd like to eat me, "I-I escaped from Adrian and Bailey De'Vierre's house..." I whimper.

Leaping back, he shakes his head, "Not good. They're going to come after you. You need to come with me."

I let out a startled cry as he picks me up and carries me out of the building into the cold night sky.

The blood seeps out of my newly opened wound and down his arms and he lets out a low groan, "Oh...you smell so...delicious."

"Who are you?"

He sighs, "I'm Kyle."

"Why are you helping me?"

"Because my wife is human. She can take care of you...you can stay with us."

Shaking my head, I attempt to push myself away from him, "NO! I need to go home! I'm missing! My parent's don't know where I am! Bailey found me on the sidewalk!" I sob.

He sighs, "Well you're not going back home sorry...you know about vampires. Vampires are not meant to exist. We have people in the governments all over the world making sure that humans-" he pokes my nose lightly, "Like you. Don't find out about us."

Suddenly we stop outside a normal looking house. It doesn't look like the Gothic manor I escaped from earlier this night.

The door opens and a girl opens it. She looks to be about twenty? With dark brown hair and light blue eyes. She's quite pretty.

She frowns when she sees me, "Oh Kyle...you didn't." She exclaims in horror.

He shakes his head, "She's escaped from the De'Vierre manor." He explains.

The woman grabs me off him, helping me into the living room and lying me down on the couch, "My name is Lizzie." She introduces herself.

I smile slightly, I feel a bit dazed, "I'm Allie."

She takes the t-shirt off me to inspect the wound and Kyle like the gentleman he is, turned away while she did so.

"It's going to need stitches. Whoever patched you up did a terrible job."

I nod and she goes into the kitchen and comes back with something. I can't see what it is.

I feel something sting my arm and then I feel good. I feel REALLY REALLY good.

So good in fact, the next few days are a blur to me. A beautiful swirling blur of rainbows and, and...monkeys....

.:Kyle:.

I stare at the girl lying sprawled out on the couch, her eyes flitting around everywhere, giggling hysterically while muttering incoherently about butterflies and coconut trees. When my beloved Lizzie begins stitching Allie up, the girl merely shrieks with laughter as she claims that it tickles.

"What the hell did you give her?" I exclaim in shock.

Lizzie bites her lip, "Okay, well I know how it feels to be in pain from a stab wound." I hang my head guiltily and she continues, "So I figured to help her out. I'm going to keep her in a constant state of...well she's going to be drugged up the entire time...or most of the time. I didn't give her anything illegal...I don't think. Things might have changed I'm not sure. Just some fairly...strong narcotics."

"Ooh...what's wrong pretty fairy?" Allie questions Lizzie, touching her hair lightly, her eyes wide with amazement.

"I see." Is all I say as I pick up the girl and carry her into the guest bedroom.

Hopefully she has time to heal before Bailey comes knocking to retrieve her.

Thank goodness I was right and he did come, exactly three days after Lizzie pronounced her completely healed.

Chapter 6

I Kicked A Vampire - Part 6

Chapter 6:

.:Bailey:.

I've been searching non-stop for her.

I lost her scent a couple of hours after I started searching for her which meant she was either dead, or very very good at concealing it.

"You know. If you hadn't kidnapped the poor girl, we wouldn't be in this mess. The king would not be sending royal guards out to catch us and father would not be-"

Rolling my eyes, I hiss at him, "Enough Adrian! I do not CARE what father thinks of me. As for you, Lyle and mother, you are not involved. This lies between Allie, the king and myself. I was the one who kidnapped her, I was the one who told her what we are and I was the one who condemned MYSELF to a slow excruciating death by the royal guard. Now go home and let me find her in peace!"

His face falls and I frown slightly as he suddenly stops running at my side.

I continue sprinting, surging through the countryside as a blur of black and dark blue and Adrian becomes a distant dot behind me until he disappears altogether.

.:Allie:.

"L-Lizzie?" I stutter horribly as I open my eyes.

Jerking up into a sitting position, I reach out blindly, grabbing at whatever I can, hoping to catch grasp of something familiar.

"Shh...it's okay sweetheart. I'm here..." so...familiar.

My mouth opens in shock, "Mom?" I whisper. I feel like a little girl, clinging to her mother after her brother trips her up in a game of tag and she has a scraped knee or something, "Mommy?"

Glancing around myself, I let out a gasp as I find myself still within the Macintosh (Kyle and Lizzie)'s home.

Liz is hugging me, her fingers running through my hair as she attempts to soothe me, "No...it's me Lizzie." She whispers quietly.

As I stare at her, I notice something.

While Kyle looks a mere twenty one years old with his dark brown hair and shining green eyes, Elizabeth looks older. Not by much, I wouldn't notice it from afar, but with the time I've spent with them I've come to notice things. She herself is younger than her husband due to him being over three hundred years old, but she physically is older. The corners of her eyes crinkle up when she smiles and the lines on her forehead and around her mouth are becoming slightly more prominent with each day. She doesn't look old, but next to her husband...

The worst part of me noticing this, is how I notice her pain. Her pain of knowing that one day she will die and that Kyle wont. She will age and grow ill and pass over and he will remain young because he didn't want to change her. In changing someone (Kyle takes pleasure in teaching me about his species) there is a 80% chance of the human dying. If the human is in peak physical and mental health then the chances are bumped up to a 45% chance of failure. If the human is ill and on the verge of death, or is suffering a fatal wound then the chance of them dying in the process of the change is 95%. Risky business and Kyle couldn't risk his beloved wife...

.:Adrian:.

What is Bailey's obsession with this girl? Why the sudden infatuation with Allison McCourt?

She's nobody. She's not even very pretty, I've never seen such coloured hair. Orange? And she has freckles and she's skinny and...average.

My brother, I have known him for a very long time...we are brothers, bonded in the womb. And Bailey Devon De'Vierre doesn't go for orange haired

stubborn brats. He goes for the prom queen beauties, the girls who will go far in life as long as they sleep with their superiors because they haven't the skills or brains to make it to the top the right way.

.:Bailey:.

Wait!

What was that?

I breathe in deeply once more as I recognise the fragrance of crisp green apple. Sour in a sweet way and deeply intoxicating.

"Allie..." I murmur to myself.

I can hear Adrian's thoughts. Why Allison McCourt?

Because she's HER. The HER that I've been dreaming of since I first found that awkward, frightened six year old girl stuck in the oak tree. The HER that would...I don't know. Accept me for who I am and be my soul mate? Oh how delusional can I be? Allison McCourt is the most obnoxious, stubborn little minx I have ever met. How could we possibly be soul

mates?! We clash far too badly. I'd probably end up killing her. THEN where would I be?!

So in answer to Adrian's silent questioning?

I shall have to think about it a bit more.

.:Lizzie:.

My girl...my beautiful little Allie...

Shaking my head slightly, I let out a hushed whimper as I hold her close.

At thirty nine, my opportunities of having a child my own are crushed. I knew the consequences of marrying a vampire. No children. Vampires can only have children with other vampires. Their systems work at a faster pace than humans. They are unable to mate with us because of that. They stop aging physically, but their bodies continue and vampires systems are stronger than humans by hundreds of times which means they stop appearing 'old' and they still 'work' without being worn down and having their organs fail them. Unlike we humans who can break at any moment...so fragile are we.

Allison...she is my daughter. Not literally. I saved her. She is dependent on me, she needs me and I need her. It works out for the best.

I will take care of her.

.:Anonymous:.

"What do you MEAN you can't find her?!"

The men standing before me, cringe at my tone and the leader steps forwards.

He looks terrified. Stupid man. Never show your true feelings to a man as dangerous and ruthless as myself, "I-I-I'm s-sorry sir...Allison is just...she's not anywhere. We've searched high and low. It's as if she's just dropped off the earth without a trace." He explains, gaining confidence with every word he speaks.

A malicious smirk graces my lips as I rise to my feet. I stride over to him and wrap my fingers around his throat, his soft pale throat. I can feel his pulse. I can smell his blood.

"Bailey De'Vierre kidnapped that girl and now he shall pay. He has let a human in on secret. He has put our entire race in danger by his actions and now I must dispose of them both..."

With a simple flick of my wrist which requires absolutely no energy or effort, his neck snaps. The loud CRACK echoing within the room.

I rudely cast him aside, kicking the body into the wall.

His men. Those poor stupid fools...

"Find them and bring them to me or I will be sure to make you just. Like. Him." I motions nonchalantly towards the corpse, "Now leave! I want you out my sight you pathetic morons!"

Chapter 7

I Kicked A Vampire - Part 7

I must warn you that if you are bothered by suicide/ wrist cutting then be wary. I thought I'd tell you that because sometimes it hurts people to read this sort of thing, though I tried not to go into too much detail (like I usually do).

>>>

Chapter 7:

.:Bailey:.

I reach the house after following her scent.

I can't believe she made it to Emerald City. That is an amazing feat in itself for a human who is wounded in

such a way, but to actually survive the vampires hanging around waiting for an innocent such as herself to feed upon, that's just...well my respect for her has just gone up.

Standing outside, I gaze up at the 'tiny' house that she is hiding within...sitting only metres away from me.

I can hear her heart, it's beating so loudly, so strongly that I can almost feel it.

I hear giggling.

She's happy?

Shouldn't I leave the poor girl to be happy? If she's not in trou-

The door swings open and I stare at the vampire male in shock.

He glares at me, "Your highness." He mutters curtly.

My eyes widen, "I uh...I'm here to colle-"

"My name is Kyle." He introduces himself, cutting me off oh so rudely, "And I know you're here for Allie."

My expression darkens, "Oh you do, do you? " I question him with an unimpressed tone.

Kyle raises an eyebrow, "I just want you to know something. My wife and I have no children of our own due to the fact she's human."

If my heart were beating, it would have stopped just then.

"That's ille-"

"Illegal, I know. She's been hiding in this house for about 18 years and she's been perfectly safe. I love her very much and because I love her, I brought Allison back to her. Lizzie has wanted a child since before we were married, but she sacrificed motherhood to be with me. Allie is our chance." Kyle finishes, his expression still straight.

I feel bad.

Not because of his wife not having children.

But because I'm taking her anyway.

.:Lizzie:.

Allie and me are watching television in the living room.

I've decided that if I had a daughter, I'd want her to be exactly like Allison. She's perfect. She's smiley, she's good mannered, she's sweet and funny...

"Hey Liz, can I make some popcorn and can we watch a movie?" she enquires.

I nod, grinning at her, "Sure hon."

Her eyes light up, "Thanks mom!" she freezes, "Oh...oh my god..."

Tears well up in my own eyes, "You called me mom..." I don't think I've ever been happier than this moment...apart from my wedding day, that was pretty good.

Suddenly Allie bursts into tears and I wrap my arms around her, attempting to comfort her, "Oh no! Sweetheart, I'm happy you called me that!" I exclaim.

She shakes her head and shoves me away from her, "NO! Let go of me...I know you like it. It's ME who doesn't! You are NOT my mother! She is back in

Crystal Valley probably crying her eyes out because of me! I'm missing! I'm breaking her heart! She spent her life taking care of me and my siblings and how do I repay her?! BY CALLING ANOTHER WOMAN MOM?!" she sobs brokenly.

Everything is...

Grey.

.:Bailey:.

Upon hearing Allie's hysterical weeping, I shove my way past Kyle and rush into the living room where I find her with tears streaming down her cheeks and a woman who looks ill.

Allie glances up at me, "You! It's all your fault!" she shrieks.

At this point in time I couldn't care less if she is angry at me because my main priority is to make sure she's alright. I don't know why. I never know anything to do with this girl...I just feel like I need to protect her although she's probably capable of protecting herself.

She flies at me, her fists clenched as she hammers them into me over and over again, her fingers cracking at the contact, the sides of her hands bruising.

I take the beating, the emotions I'm experiencing is making me almost feel it.

When vampires feel STRONG emotions like extreme grief, anger or guilt, they weaken. That's when they are at their most vulnerable state when they go 'soft' as some humans I know put it.

"I hate you! I HATE YOU!" she screeches.

Sighing, I pick her up easily and throw her over my shoulder, carrying her away from the house.

The woman is sobbing her heart out at the loss of her 'daughter' and the man desperately trying to console her. I. Don't. Care.

.:Allie:.

I can't scream anymore.

Not because he's covered my mouth or because I don't feel like it, but because my voice is hoarse and my throat hurts.

All I can do is glare at them all, direct every ounce of hatred I feel at them. I want them to hurt. I want them to PAY!

I've been back at the mansion for five days now and I haven't spoken a word to anyone. Not even the maids.

Victoria, Bailey, Adrian and Lyle's mother comes in everyday and reads to me. She reads because she knows I wont speak to her no matter how hard she tries, and because she believes I still need to use some kind of imagination.

The books she reads to me are mostly very good. Such as Clockwork Orange, Fight Club and Dirk Gently's Holistic Detective Agency. Books I have in my room back at home...

Lyle comes in and sees me every now and then, chatting to me, trying to coax me into talking to him.

Adrian comes in all the time and dresses me up in the dresses he designs. He enjoys making clothes, he's not gay...well not as far as I can tell. He'll read to me as well, but the books he reads are mostly a bit more...teen friendly such as Vampire Academy and dare I say it...Twilight. I've never been fond of Twilight. I didn't understand what the hype was about...as far as I can tell, they sparkle, don't have fangs and the main guy is a stalker and is borderline abusive...that kind of thing doesn't really appeal to me, but it does to my friends.

I'm not sure what I'm going to do.

Am I just never going to speak again? Am I just going to stay here until I die? Am I going to be killed by these vampires for testing their patience?

To them I'm just a toy. Something to occupy them when they're lacking in other exciting things to do.

They go out for an hour or so and return and I almost always find a tiny blood smear over the corner of their lips and I watch in sick fascination (mostly because there's nothing else to watch) as their

tongues flick out and lick the blood away oh so casually.

.:Bailey:.

Five. Six. A week. Two weeks.

Yeah, that's how long she's been back. The other's have all gone to chat to her, to feed her and make sure she's alright.

Have I been in to see her? No not once.

I don't WANT to see her. I'm staying away from her from now on because she is bad news, she is spoilt, she's loud and she's altogether not very nice. Besides. She's not pretty enough.

I spend my days with my old 'friends with benefits' that I used to 'do' before I found Allison.

"Bailey? Bailey baby come back to bed."

Michelle. A whore I picked up in Emerald City. Fake tan, fake boobs, fake smile...completely fake. All plastic. Revolting, but good for a quick pick up. She's enthusiastic and I do so like enthusiasm.

The rest of my family are out feeding. We go to human cities and towns and lurk around bars picking up drunk humans. We feed until they pass out and then carry them back to their homes. They remain none the wiser. They just think they passed out because of too much drinking.

Breathing in deeply, I turn around to face her and wink at her.

I'm about to return to the bed when I smell something.

Something intoxicatingly sweet, addictive. Strong though. It's almost overwhelming.

Listening hard, I feel my stomach churn when I hear the thud from upstairs.

Ignoring Michelle's whining, I sprint out of the room and in a flash, force open the bathroom door of Allie's bedroom.

My hand flies up over my mouth and my nose as the scent hits me.

Blood. So much blood.

Lying in a pool of her own blood, Allison's heart is barely beating. Her hair is splayed out around her head floating and moving in the sticky red liquid. Her eyelids fluttering open and closed and her wrists pumping out blood slowly but steadily.

Rushing to her side, I fall to my knees beside her, "No. NO! Allie? Allie wake up...come on, wake up Allison!"

Even though my yelling, well pleading for her to wake up is gradually getting louder and more frantic, her eyes close and stay closed and her body goes still.

Chapter 8

I Kicked A Vampire - Part 8

Chapter 8:

I've been pacing back and forth for thirty six hours now. I haven't eaten once, I haven't shifted a millimetre off my track and all for HER.

Nurses, my mother and other people have been coming and going ever since I brought Allie into the hospital. Each with worried expressions and the repetitive questioning of whether or not I've fed or slept. Not that I do much sleeping anyway. We close our eyes and rest. If we're near humans then we are able to enter their dreams meaning it's like sleeping

ourselves only we are kind of split between both reality and the dream.

Allie has been unconscious for thirty six hours and that has been thirty six hours of hell. Nobody tells me anything. I'm merely decorative it seems...they all walk past me, inspect her and leave.

I'm still here. Not looking at her. I can't help, but feel partially responsible for her current state-

(Only partially responsible?) Adrian's voice breaks the silence in my mind.

(It is ONLY your fault. If you weren't so caught up in sexing up Michelle then you could have been there before she had done anything!) my lovely brother Lyle exclaims.

(Now now boys...it isn't Bailey's fault. What she has done has been of her own choice...we can only stay by her side and hope for a full recovery.) my mother's soothing tone pops in.

"Matty...Matt...M-Mattybear..."

If I didn't have vampire strength hearing, I would've missed it entirely. I would have missed the way her tiny voice trembled with fear and confusion...anxiety and hope...so many emotions...humans are fragile creatures who, due to the lack of control of emotions, frequently experience and overload of so many. Sometimes I find myself wondering how something so insignificant and small can hold so many different feelings.

Slowly I wander over to the bed and take her hand in mine gently.

She lets out a strangled sob and I drop her bandaged arm hurriedly.

.:Victoria:.

I watch from the doorway as Bailey touches her cheeks lightly. Tracing his fingers over her lips then along her jaw line, down her throat and across her collarbone...

No one, not even he realises what or rather who she is. My sons have been so...sheltered in a sense, for so long that they don't notice when something special

comes along. Something that requires love and attention and...

I freeze when he leans down and places his lips against her forehead. For a split second, only a second, I thought perhaps he was going to...

"Mother I can hear you. If you intend on spying then I suggest you close your mind."

He turns around and I smile at him, "You're making the right choice sweetheart."

Poor Bailey...he still hasn't figured it out. Oh well. Letting her go will make him realise he needs her. Perhaps the time away will help her realise also.

.:Bailey:.

I'm going to give her back.

I feel like a little boy who found a lost puppy and took it home and has found another little boy who is searching for his puppy who'd run away by accident. Do you keep it and feel the guilt eat away at you? Or do you give the puppy back to the boy and feel the goodness of your actions fluttering away inside you.

.:Anonymous:.

"What do you mean in hospital?!" my voice cracks as the anger becomes more and more evident.

The woman purses her lips and crosses her arms, "I mean that the girl is in hospital. Suicide attempt. She's weak. I think perhaps the De'Vierre's have been using her as a blood slave." She exclaims, rolling her eyes bored.

The humans around me are cowering from us. Smart...fear, unlike some of the fools such as the De'Vierre family.

Grabbing the closest child, a girl of ten with large grey eyes and white hair from being locked in dungeons for so long, I throw her at the woman, "Here. Take it." I spit the words, "Now talk!"

She grabs the girl, eyeing her hungrily, "Alright. She's going home. I can tell you now that she wont be telling anyone about us. If she returns now then anything she remembers about us, she'll be too scared to tell anyone."

Pursing my lips, I glare at her, "If she speaks ONE WORD about us, ONE SINGLE WORD. I want you to take control."

The woman's lips curve up into a smirk as she leans down and nips at the girls ear with her fangs. The girl shrieks and begins weeping uncontrollably, her mother standing beside me simply watches with horror stricken eyes.

"Control? My dear Donovan...I don't know what you're talking about." She murmurs, "Perhaps another little...souvenir would refresh my memory."

I grasp the wrist of another little girl. This time a girl of eight with dark eyes and dark hair. My...helper, this 'lovely' woman drinks only the blood of young girls. I don't know why, I've never believed the taste to be highly enjoyable. It's sweet, too sweet, but if you have a sweet tooth as big as Alyssa's then it's no wonder she loves them.

"Now you're talking." She giggles, "Alright. I promise I'll do my little...talent if you continue bringing in the candy." She hugs the girls close to her and winks at

me, "Fare thee well kind sir. I shall see thee in a fortnight."

With that, she vanishes.

The agonising screams of the little girls echoing within the chamber even after her departure is enough to send shivers down my spine. For Alyssa doesn't just drink from her victims...she does so much more...she'd rather savour the pain they feel, torture them to the brink of insanity until they bleed out from places they didn't know they had...

.:Allie:.

Opening my eyes, I smile.

"Mom?"

She nods, "Yes...oh yes sweetheart. We're so glad you're home! We've been so worried!" tears are streaming down her cheeks.

Matthew, Jeremy and Patrick are sitting in the armchairs around the room and dad is standing in the corner. All are watching me, not speaking.

I frown, "What's wrong?" I ask, sitting up awkwardly.

I have no feeling in my wrists, but when I do anything, it stings, no it's...excruciating. Like stabbing millions of tiny pins into the gaping wound of my wrist and twisting them around.

Mom hugs me tightly, "Sweetie...I...nothing...nothing is wrong. We're just so happy you're back." She murmurs as she kisses my forehead.

I smile again, all worries gone, "I missed you." I whisper.

It's so nice to be home.

Chapter 9

I Kicked A Vampire - Part 9

Chapter 9:

After two weeks, I'm back home and back at school. My wrists have almost completely healed.

Life is...strangely good.

My friends have accepted me back with open arms and my family is back to normal. Although my mother still bursts into tears at random times of the day...

Matt comes and talks to me all the time. He and I have always been close. Patrick was always too big to be around Matt. Being three years older he was

always too bossy and horrible to Matthew to be any fun, so of course when I came along, Matt was thrilled to have someone younger than him to talk to and play with and cart around in his basket.

At this point in time I'm sitting under the willow tree in the park around the corner from our house with him.

"Why are you refusing to talk about being kidnapped?" his voice is low, confused.

I furrow my brow as I speak, "Because I don't really remember it. I explain."

He shrugs, "Alright. Well...oh hey, you know those new guys at your school?" he asks.

I frown, "Um. No...I didn't know we had new guys. Are they cute?" I ask with a laugh.

Matt chuckles, "They're not even there anymore. They left about a week before you came back."

I purse my lips irritated, "I always miss the good stuff in this town. I missed the Grape Gala and the Flower Festival...I even missed out on the Medieval Market!

Gosh...now I've missed out on the new guys." I huff angrily.

To be honest, I am a little put out.

"Aww don't worry sis. You didn't really miss anything. They never spoke to anyone anyway."

I smile and hug him, "Thanks Mattybear."

"No problem Alliephant." He grins, "Now it's getting late. We'd better get home for dinner or mom's gonna freak out. She's only just got you back."

We stand up and brush ourselves off.

As we wander back towards our house, I see him.

A tall...extremely tall, dark haired guy. His eyes are the prettiest dark blue I've ever seen and his skin is...so pale. He's watching me, I can see his head turning, following my movements.

Something about him makes me feel sad. He doesn't look very happy either. So I smile at him, a simple, polite smile of greeting...like I'm seeing an old friend even though I've never seen him before in my life.

Maybe he thought I was someone he knew, but he just realised it's not her? I've had that done to me a few times and I've done it to others way more.

Oh well. I skip to catch up with Matt and we link arms.

It's nice to know I'll always have my Mattybear.

Unfortunately, when we arrive home, mom is freaking out.

Her eyes are wild and bloodshot and she's screaming into the phone to the police about me being missing again.

I can understand she was worried about me, but worrying now? It's a bit sad...I was only at the park with my big brother.

"THERE YOU ARE!" she exclaims, embracing me almost violently.

Have you been embraced violently? It's not very pleasant.

"I'm sorry mo-"

I'm cut off and she pushes me onto the sofa and starts yelling, "-Eave this house without telling anyone! Have you any idea how WORRIED I WAS?!" she takes a deep breath and grabs my father, "Your father and I have agreed that we don't want you leaving this house again except for school. You wake up, you leave for school at 8:20am and you get there are 8:30am! You come home straight away and then stay here!" she's trying so hard to keep her voice level and calm, but every now and then it cracks with a hint of hysteria.

I glare at her, "Mom please. You are overreacting! I was only talking with Matt at the park!"

She shakes her head, "No! You could get mugged or...or...rekid-"

My eyes glaze over as a flash of some sort of...memory? Strikes through my mind.

There's me and an old man in tattered clothing...it's dark and there are no stars. Suddenly I'm on the ground and all I can see is red. Red. So much red.

"Sweetheart?"

Shaking my head, I blink a couple of times before watching mom, "Huh?"

She is watching me with a worried expression, "You blanked out. Did you remember something? Oh please say you have! We have to get that bastard who did this to you!" she exclaims, motioning to my scarred wrists.

Glancing down at them I shake my head, "I...I don't know. I didn't remember anything. And mom..." I show her the scars and watch her cringe away from them, "I did this. I wanted to get away from whoever it was."

She shakes her head, "You're delusional. Now sweetheart, please. Your father and I absolutely forbid you to leave this house. We know how much of a...free spirit you are, but we only have you safety in mind. So please. Please agree to just...do it and not argue with us?"

Scowling, I hang my head, "Fine." I mutter as I stand up.

Glancing over at Matt, I see him wink at me. Silent agreement that we would break this promise to talk. The only safe place to talk in this neighborhood is at the park on a Sunday afternoon/evening or on top of our roof. Safe because there are no nosy parents or siblings listening in.

I uncross my fingers and walk upstairs, slipping beneath the covers of my bed, I watch the ceiling in an attempt to make myself fall asleep, but I know there is little chance of that happening due to the fact I desperately wish to speak to Matt about my tiny flash of memory only minutes before.

Chapter 10

I Kicked A Vampire - Part 10

Chapter 10:

.:Bailey:.

I was...bad.

I decided to check on her because I'd had enough of wondering whether she got home alright or if she'd healed or anything like that.

I'd seen her in the park with some guy. I can't lie...it hurt to know she'd moved on. What the hell am I talking about?! Moved on? Moved on from what? US? HA! There had been no us to begin with...

They already had pet names for each other. Every now and then I'd close in on what they were saying. Mattybear? Alliephant? I mean, come on. So LAME. (Hint. If you didn't get that, that was my super subtle way of showing my distaste of her choice of male companionship.)

Then as she was strolling out of the park and she looked at me. Straight at me. I felt like all of my problems, my issues simply slipped away from me, buried beneath tons and tons of dirt...and when she smiled at me...there are no words to explain how I felt.

But then she caught up to the boy and linked arms, resting her head on his shoulder.

It's sad to see her with him...but I know he'll be able to be there for her. He probably doesn't take his anger out on humans by sucking their blood out through their wrists, throats and or well...if you're feeling...affectionate, from the sensitive area just above the breast.

I frown. Well that seemed a little strange in my mind.

"Bailey?"

Glancing up at Adrian, I glare at him, "What?" I hiss as I set my book down on the table.

He shrugs, "I was wondering if you'd like to play guitar hero or something?"

Shaking my head, I pick my book up again and return to reading, "No. Now leave."

My days are all the same now.

Endless reading. I read from around 4am when the girl goes home 'til 8pm at which I go to the nearest human town, go to a bar and pick up the first chick I see.

Considering I don't have any books of my own, I'm doing pretty good. I go out and buy a new one when I finish one. I read at a human pace to make it last longer although it does seem terribly tedious.

"Sweetheart?"

God! WHY CAN'T THESE PEOPLE LEAVE ME THE FUCK ALONE?!

"Watch your language Bailey."

Slowly I lift my gaze to stare at my mother with such an expression of contempt that I had no idea I possessed, "What?" I question her, my tone venomous.

She merely crosses the room, sitting down beside me. She slips in behind me. It's strange, to have my mother who is...at least four hundred years older than me, be so small in comparison and yet she's bigger than Allie who is...a scrawny little thing.

Mom tugs me in close, like she used to when I was little and begins playing with my hair, braiding it. Hmm...I hope she doesn't think I'm gay or anything.

"Of course not darling. I already know that's your brother and to be honest, it's nice having just one."

I frown, "Adrian's not gay mom."

She smiles, "I know. It wasn't him I was referring to." She laughs quietly, "May I ask you a question?"

I'm still thinking about who she's referring to. When it comes to quick, logical thinking, I've always been the...worst of the three of us brothers. I soon realize that if it's not Adrian, then it must be Lyle...it kind of

explains it all though. He's always disappearing and he's always forcing himself on girls as if he's trying to make himself believe that he's not gay...

"Well done. My son the genius." She pats my head and I turn and glare at her.

"Was that sarcasm I detected?" I enquire.

She merely laughs it off, "Anyway. My question?"

I shrug, "Sure."

She bite her lip. I can her the sound of the flesh grating against her fangs, it's rather unpleasant, "Well...you've been so moody lately...ever since Allison left."

"It's Allie and I'm not moody. I'm perfectly fine. Besides she's moved on."

My mother makes a small 'oh no' sound, "Oh dear...well don't you think it's for the best?"

I shrug, "I don't care. It's not like I even liked her or anything."

"I see. So when you kissed her in the hospital that meant absolutely nothing?" she questions, I can feel the smile in her tone.

I sigh and stand up, "No. Now I'm going to go into Diamond City."

With that, I throw my book on the floor, ignoring the loud, echoing crack it makes as it breaks through the floorboards and then the ones on the floor below and so on until it reaches the concrete floor in the basement.

An angry vampire equals broken house.

.:Allie:.

FLASH!

Cameras?

FLASH!

Definitely cameras.

FLASH!

Wait...red...so much red.

FLASH!

Blood.

FLASH!

Teeth?

FLASH!

Fangs.

FLASH!

"Vampires!" my voice cracks with fear as I bolt up in bed.

Coated in a cold sweat, I close my eyes collapse back against my pillow. I curl up into a ball and attempt to steady my breathing.

It was Bailey. It was all him. And Kyle and Lizzie and...oh god. Vampires. Vampires?!

.:Alyssa:.

From my perch in the tree opposite her room, I'm able to hear everything she speaks of and I'm able to reach her dreams easily. Her mind seems strong, but once she's asleep I can break through without a problem.

"Vampires!"

Her eyes fly open and I watch as she jerks up into a sitting position breathing heavily. The fear coursing through her veins making the scent of her blood float towards me quicker and stronger than before.

Closing my mind off from hers, I contact the master through my mind.

(She remembers everything.)

Instantaneously his reply returns. (Then take care of it.)

And I do.

Chapter 11

I Kicked A Vampire - Part 11

Chapter 11:

.:Allie:.

Slowly I feel myself falling back to sleep.

Strange...I didn't think I'd be able to sleep at all after my sudden epiphany, but even as I think this, I feel my eyelids gradually growing heavier and heavier...

.:Alyssa:.

I sink into her subconscious, seeping into her very being. I'm not an intruder in her mind, I AM Allison McCourt.

I watch her/me as the blackness slowly fuzzes into a world. The world I am creating for her.

A world of agony and sorrow and greed. A world which is a great exaggeration of our own earth.

A world which would love nothing more than to watch our dear little Allie burn in her own mistakes.

This is what I do to the people I'm paid to hunt.

This is what I give them.

A trip into their own personal hell, their own personal insanity.

One they will never wake up from as long as I live.

.:Anonymous:.

It's done. I know Alyssa will take care of it.

"Master?"

Rolling my eyes, I stand up and stare at the woman before me. I say woman because in human years she is a woman at 19 years old, but in vampires years she's merely a child. My daughter in fact.

"Yes Esmeralda?" I question her with an irritated tone.

She gazes up at me, her dark eyes doing that thing I've been used to. My daughter although not talented in any way (which is strange for a vampire, but not strange for one her age, once she matures further she may gain her talent) has this peculiar 'habit' (I shall say for lack of a better word) where her eyes seem misty and far away as if they stare straight through you. She also makes it a point to watch you intently when speaking to you and I always want nothing more than to turn away from her to avoid her gaze.

"Well...master, I just wish to know something that has been...nagging at my mind for months now." She begins in her quiet tone.

Her shy exterior is nothing to the monster she truly is.

Esmeralda is a spoilt brat who, when jealous or confused, does not show mercy. She is ruthless and violent and bitchy. She takes after me in every way. I could not be prouder. But sometimes she needs to learn that her place is NOT in my business.

"Return to your room." I hiss at her, waving her away from me.

She stomps her foot. The first sign of her rising temper, "NO! I wish to know WHO THIS GIRL IS! She is taking over my father! You think of her more than me, your own daughter!"

I grab her shoulder and shove her away, she trips over her foot, slamming into the concrete, "DO NOT RAISE YOUR VOICE TO ME ESMERALDA!" I warn her, "FOR I DO NOT TAKE KINDLY TO BITCHY LITTLE GIRLS SUCH AS YOURSELF ACTING HIGHER THAN THEY ARE!"

She glares at me, "Tell me father!"

"She is nobody! She is merely a nuisance who has been dealt with."

.:Allie:.

What is wrong with this?!

Everywhere I look there is fire and murder and why?! Why is everything so terrible?

"Allie!"

Spinning around, I gaze over at Bailey in shock, "Bailey?"

He nods, "Allie...are you alright?"

Nodding, I hug him quickly. He's the only familiar figure I've seen since I woke up to this...hell.

He hugs me back, his fingers trailing through my hair, "Oh I missed you."

I smile up at him, "I don't know what's happening? Do you? Is it some insane vampire apocalypse?!"

Bailey shakes his head and dips down to my level.

Suddenly his eyes flicker red and I watch as his fangs slowly grow.

"It's so much more than that sweetheart." He chuckles darkly as he grabs me.

I feel pain. Pain so much more intense than I have ever EVER experienced. I want to claw at my own flesh, I want to tear myself apart limb by limb, nerve by nerve. I want to rip my veins out of my body one by one starting from the ones in my wrist and moving through breaking them through the skin...I'd

rather turn myself inside out than endure this agony any longer.

And then. It starts again.

.:Bailey:.

It's been two weeks, six days, nine hours and thirty seven minutes since I gave her back.

God. I thought it would be easy considering I have no connection to her whatsoever, but I want to claw my eyes out. I want to do more than that actually...I could go into great detail on exactly what I'd like to do to myself but with a mind like mine it would undoubtedly turn to some epic erotic novel about me, a hot chick, a locked room, whipped cream and some scalpels.

"Bailey?"

Mother's back. Oh joy of joys.

"Yes?"

She enters my bedroom with a graze expression, "I don't appreciate your sarcasm. And...I have received some news from Alastair."

Uncle Alastair, mom's brother. He works for the vampire...government? Basically a group of six very old, very ugly vampires who bought their way up to that point. They're the second level down from the king himself.

Yep. I'm actually 36th in line for the throne when he dies. So the chance of me actually getting the throne is slim to none, but it's a nice line to spin to pick up girls.

"I can't believe you use that. It's so...lame." My mother exclaims in disgust.

I shrug, "Yeah but it works. Woman love a man with power."

She raises an eyebrow at me, "But you don't have any power unless you get the throne...which you don't have."

I chuckle slightly, "Yeah. Anyway, we got sidetracked again. What was the bad news Uncle Alastair told you?" curiosity is getting a hold of me now.

Her expression falls, "It's Allie."

I freeze, "What about her?"

.:Anonymous:.

"You hit our daughter?"

"I shoved her."

"You physically harmed her?"

"The push itself would not have caused her harm. It was her clumsy footing that hurt her."

Evangeline is staring at me with a mixture of anger and disbelief, "You don't ever touch my daughter again!" she snarls.

I chuckle and in a second, my palm print is etched on her cheek, flaming red from the contact, "My god you stupid bitch. Get over yourself. It's not as I touched her inappropriately, anyway, god forbid I did you would just send me into a world of pain wouldn't you?" a low malicious laugh echoes off the dungeon walls, "I think not."

She slaps me back, but I barely feel it. She's weak. She's been spending too much time with these stupid humans.

Grabbing her wrist, I pin it down to the desk between us and slam my closed fist down onto her knuckles repeatedly, feeding off her screams hungrily.

As I send her on her way, I see a corner of something poking out from the desk. It looks like a slip of card.

I bend down and tug it out and stare at the crinkled, aged photo.

Allison McCourt...the girl who started it all.

People will continue to question my obsession with this girl. Why I'm going out of my way to dispose of her, but they will never know. Not even on my deathbed will I utter the reason of my unhealthy fascination with her.

Allison McCourt...the daughter I just killed.

Chapter 12

I Kicked A Vampire - Part 12

Chapter 12:

.:Elisa McCourt (Allie's Mom):.

Why me? Why us? Why HER?!?!

Allie has always, ALWAYS been so normal! She has good friends, she has...well her grades are okay, she's not too pretty so I don't have to worry about boys too often...why is SHE the one being chosen for all of these things?!

I gaze over towards my husband Derrick, "Derrick...it's been six days."

He sighs and wraps his arms around me, "I know Elisa. We just have to wait and pray that she'll be okay."

My poor Allie.

She went to sleep and didn't wake up. The worst part is we can still hear her.

Most of the time she's silent and we just attempt to go around our usual business all the while hoping for a miracle recovery from whatever has taken hold of our daughter. The doctors say it's like she's in a coma like state, but she's still able to scream and move of her own accord which is strange. Strange? STRANGE?! They offer me STRANGE but don't tell me what the hell is wrong with my daughter?

And then there are the times when she isn't silent. Screams. Screams so loud and inhuman that we had to remove any breakables from her room. Never before have I heard such a...hellish sound, something that terrifies me to my very core.

When the screams start, that's when we have to give into the temptation of leaving and staying in a hotel

until the doctors call to tell us she's stopped because once the screaming starts, it stays for days.

Suddenly the doorbell rings.

The shrill 'ding-dong' that I've heard so many times before causes me to jump. No one visits anymore. No family, no friends. It's just us, the McCourt's alone in this house all day everyday. The other kids have decided not to attend school and we each take turns in with Allie to keep an eye on her and to talk to her to see if she will wake up.

So naturally, to know someone is...visiting us, it's a bit of a shock.

I shakily rise to my feet and stroll away from Derrick.

I practically crawl down the stairs with the feeling of impending doom rising up in my heart. Yes, impending doom because the people who still come to see us are doctors with needles bad news on her state.

I grip the door handle and turn it slowly, peeking out in terror.

There's a boy. Well a man. No...ok a man boy, no older than my Matthew I'd say. With dark hair and deep blue eyes, his expression is...well if I didn't know any better, I'd say heartbroken. He's taller than my husband who I might add is not short.

"Yes?" I enquire.

A woman steps out from behind him, quite a bit smaller than him. Just looking at her is...making me want to run upstairs and smother my husband in love, just to ensure his loyalty to me.

"My name is Victoria De'Vierre." She greets me, "My son Bailey and I heard about your daughter's problem and we believe we may be able to...perhaps help?"

.:Bailey:.

I hear the woman's heart leap inside her chest at my mother's words.

"Please?" it's quite a struggle to keep my voice stable.

Elisa nods slowly, "You really think you'll be able to help her?"

Glancing over at mom, she nods. I hope she's right about this...if it doesn't work then...

.:Victoria:.

(What are you doing mother?) Adrian's anxious voice enters my mind.

I smile at Elisa. The poor woman...I don't know what I would do if one of my children were attacked by something in the mind and I hadn't the foggiest idea what. (Adrian, we're trying to help Allie.)

If what Alastair has told me is true, then I know exactly what is wrong with Allison.

There were five of us. The Beaumont's. Myself, Victoria, Alastair my brother, Gregory my younger brother (now dead), Juliana (also deceased) and the youngest of our troop Alyssa...

We all posses rather dangerous talents. Our family were the seven deadly sins. Mother was lust. Father was pride. I am envy, Alastair is greed, Gregory was Gluttony, Juliana was wrath and Alyssa was sloth.

With those come some rather peculiar powers.

Alyssa has the power of trapping people in their dreams, controlling them in their sleep.

Bailey hasn't shown signs of possessing any talents at all. I've been watching out for something along the lines of wrath (he has got a bit of a temper) or lust (well...you know) but his ways of those emotions were not extreme enough to be the talent. Perhaps I've been watching out for the wrong power and he has the same as his troublesome aunt...

Bailey enters the bedroom and seconds later the doctors pile out with startled yells. Quite a comical sight in all honesty.

The door closes and I turn to the parents, "We will need some time with her alone. The coma she is contained in is rather violent and spontaneous and we don't want to risk injury to any on you with our method of medication which I must be honest, is very straightforward and has only a slight chance of working. If you do not wish to let us continue, please let me know now?"

Suddenly the door flings open and Lyle and Adrian stroll in, "Okay. We're here! No need to worry!"

Rolling my eyes, I put a hand to my head, "Oh dear..."

Elisa jumps, "What? Who are they?!"

I scowl, "They are my other two sons. Triplets they are."

She blushes, "Oh...they must have been quite a bit of trouble when they were growing up."

I smile just before I close the bedroom door behind me, Bailey, Lyle and Adrian, "You have no idea."

.:Alyssa:.

What the hell?

Someone is attempting to invade my mind. I can feel the mental push of whoever it is knocking at the shield I've put up around me/Allie.

(Out of her head.)

I feel ill...someone knows I'm in here.

(Never. I must complete the task I was set.) I hiss in reply.

There is a moment of pure silence before an answer comes again, (If you refuse to leave of your own will. I will have to-) suddenly it cut off.

The vision I'm having of my nephew feasting on my/ Allie's throat suddenly fuzzes out and then pops back. Something strange is happening...something that has never happened before.

.:Bailey:.

ME?!

I feel sick. She's using ME to torture Allie into insanity.

"It's me." I murmur to my mother.

She frowns, "You? What do you mean? Can't you do it?"

Shaking my head, I rest my head on Allie's stomach, "No...I can do it. Tapping in is no problem. It's just...I can't fix it. Aunt Alyssa is using me in the vision. I'm attacking and killing Allie."

Mother grabs me. For the first time EVER, her palm connects with my cheek snapping me back to reality,

"You HAVE to do this! You haven't any idea how important this girl is now do it!" she snarls at me.

Without another seconds hesitation, I hurl my mind at Alyssa's shield, breaking through with my new found energy.

The world is all wrong. Meteorites hurtling towards earth, fires dancing over everything, consuming anything that dares cross it. Cars flying in all directions from tornadoes and earthquakes. The streets are flooded with blood and then I see her. Alyssa standing behind two figures on the ground, watching them intently with a malicious smirk plastered over her face.

Slowly, I walk towards them and as I do so the figure on top of the other one vanishes.

Allie is the only one left. It's her blood drowning the world...her screams destroying any last ray of hope for any 'survivors'.

Alyssa's gaze slowly rises to meet my own. She shakes her head, "Who would've guessed that you were the one to continue on this power?"

Shrugging, I try not to look at Allie's mangled body, "Not me. Personally, I don't want this stupid talent. I want something cooler like...lust. Having the ability to make anyone you like sleep with you...well can't blame me for wishing for that." I exclaim with a chuckle.

Everything about me is a façade. A mask to cover what I'm really feeling.

"Ah yes. A playboy...you know, your grandmother was much the same. A whore."

I want to kill her. I want to destroy her!

I lunge at her, my fingers crunching through her skin, her flesh and blood gathering up beneath my nails as I drag my fingers down. A sickening 'rip' sound echoes throughout the suddenly silent world.

"BASTARD!" she shrieks as she too begins attacking me.

This is all mental. It may seem real but we're only letting ourselves sink into our own mind games. If we want to do actual damage to each other then we're going to have to do it in real life.

"Matt...Mattybear." Allie's voice is choked up as blood pours from her mouth, her expression a twisted grimace, her teeth stained yellow and her eyes bloodshot.

Slowly her body sits up and she drags herself to her feet. You know the nurses in Silent Hill with their stumbling, disconnected walking? That's sort of what she resembles...only worse.

She's staggering towards me, lurching and toppling towards me, "I'm gonna kill you Bailey." She hisses with a hysterical cackle.

I realize what's happening. Alyssa's trying to trap me instead. Keeping us both in our personal hell's.

.:Adrian:.

Bailey's sort of sprawled over her, his eyes are open, but completely blank. No iris, no pupil, just white. Allie still looks as if she's merely deep in slumber.

"Mother what's going to happen?" I ask her quietly, "If he doesn't do it?"

She sighs, "Then they will be like this forever and they may as well be dead."

Lyle lets out an agitated growl as he knocks his forehead against the wall over and over again.

We may not have known her that long, but for some reason it was like an instant connection with Allie. We all like her...perhaps we all love her in our own ways. I loved her because she was my best friend. I've never had a best friend...Lyle loves her because she's the sister we never met. Mom loves her because she's the daughter she lost and Bailey as...well I'm not sure about Bailey. I figured he didn't care about her, so I don't even know why he's going to all this trouble to help her.

Glancing out the window, I frown.

I could sense a vampire nearby when we were arriving, but I just passed it off as Bailey and mom. Now that I'm thinking about it, the scent is different.

Closing my eyes I think about the scent and the image of a woman phases into my mind. A woman I've known and put up with since my birth. Aunt

Alyssa, the woman who taunted me for being gay for the first two hundred years of my life.

I smile at mom, "I need to get some fresh air." She wont think anything of it, I do it all the time.

.:Anonymous:.

"Your majesty." I bow to him in greeting before standing straight.

I stare up at him barely hiding my contempt for the bastard.

Ever since he was born I've been second best. He was the favored one, the one our parents loved and though he denied it, he still got the throne.

I know why too.

Because I wasn't their son. They took me in when they found me. I was their son for three years until my seventh birthday when HE was born. King Darren. He had the perfect life. He grew up with our parents affection, he married the most beautiful woman in the world in my opinion and he had three

PERFECT children. PERFECT! PERFECT! PERFECT?!?! I'm sick of it all!

Now I've gotten rid of HER I can move on to my bigger plans.

Take over the throne and run this empire into the dirt.

Chapter 13

I Kicked A Vampire - Part 13

Chapter 13:

.:Darren:.

I gaze down at my brother. He may not be a blood brother, but I care for him, I love him. He shall always be a part of my life.

"Yes Isaac?" I enquire.

He smiles up at me, "I need to speak to you about something. A vampire by the name of Alyssa actually..."

I jump to my feet, "Alyssa." I mutter her name angrily, "Let us walk brother." I exclaim to him, waving the

guards away as I link arms with him and stroll into the gardens.

.:Bailey:.

Tearing myself out of Allie's dreams, I glare around at my brother and mom who are watching me with worried faces.

Standing up, I cast a dark look towards mother, "I can't do it." I mutter as I storm out of the house.

I see the 'Matt' fellow as I wander down the path towards the road and turn to him, "Hope you two were happy for however short a time you got." My voice is practically dripping with venom.

He reaches out and grabs me, "What do you mean? Hey...you're that guy from school. What are you doing here?"

I reel away from him, "Don't touch me! And I am here because my mother thought I could help Allie, but I can't!"

Matt's face falls, "Oh...you can't? I didn't know you had a chance to fix her."

"Well I do. I just can't okay? It's too hard. She hates me anyway."

I continue walking, and to my greatest disappointment he follows me, "Why would she hate you? She barely knows you!"

Sighing, I turn the corner and head for the park, "Because I was the one who borrowed her."

He raises an eyebrow at me, clearly amused, "Borrowed? What do you-" he cuts off, her jaw literally dropping (funny I thought they only did that in movies), "You kidnapped her."

Bringing my hands up in front of him, I clap, slowly just to piss him off, "Ding! Ding! Ding! You got one right! Yes. I kidnapped her. I found her dying on the foot path. I killed that freaking hobo and I stole Allison McCourt. I admit it. I know exactly what's wrong with your ungrateful brat of a girlfriend and I am choosing NOT to fix it because she deserves to ROT in that hell!"

.:Matt:.

Girlfriend?

"You think she's my girlfriend." My voice is empty. For some reason I'm finding it hard to, wait no here it is. I burst out laughing. NEVER have I heard such a hilarious theory!

"Yes I do. Now stop laughing. You're annoying me and do you really want to mess with the guy who's killed more people in a day than smoking has ever?" he sounds so serious. Poor guy.

I chew on my lip, a habit I picked up from Allie, "Allie is my sister. I'm Matt, her big brother?"

.:Adrian:.

I'm just wandering around the backyard, zeroing in on where my loving Aunt is hiding.

For once I want to be the hero. My whole life I've been either the damsel or the joke and I'm sick of it so I am going to save Allie and maybe it will earn me the respect from my brothers I've been trying to gain for over three hundred years.

I surge into the tree, knocking Alyssa to the dirt on the other side.

Her empty white eyes suddenly fly wide open, as she stares at me, "Adrian!"

I throw the first punch, sending her flying through the neighbor's fence. I'll pay for it later.

She stands up shakily. She's weak. Perhaps using her talent is harder than we thought. It takes its toll on her just like any time consuming thing does.

"Hello aunty." I greet her curtly, brushing the dirt from my shirt. It's custom, you don't mess up custom designer.

She grins at me, "First Bailey, now you. Where's Lyle and Victoria hmm? You De'Vierre's always travelled in a group. Too...urgh, you-ish." She lunges at me, her nails clawing at me.

Grabbing her before she reaches me, I spin her around, hauling her into the dirt yet again, "Well at least we are a family. We don't travel alone like the lonely little bitch you are Alyssa!"

"Oh? Whore? I see...well let me tell you something! When I am your queen and you are receiving the death sentence for treason." She hisses all the while

bouts of hysterical giggling escaping her lips. She's a mad woman!

"Queen? You really think you'll amount to a queen when you're little more than a corner whore?" I question her.

Something in her eyes though...something in her eyes is telling me that there is more truth to what she is saying than I want to believe.

Alyssa stands up and snaps her arm back into place. I hadn't even noticed I'd broken it, "Isaac hired me to get rid of the girl. It's all part of his plan."

Isaac? Why would he want to get rid of Allie?

"Poor wittle Adwian. Allie is Mistah Isaac's daughter and he believes that she might be the only one able to stop him in such an act of treachery." She explains with a baby-ish tone.

My jaw drops, "Daughter? You're not serious...his daughter is that spoilt brat Esmeralda." AKA my fiancée. It's an arranged marriage by my own father which although isn't true...I shudder at the thought of incest. Disgusting. I had a great grandfather who

married his sister once. THAT line of the family died out rather quickly. They were all humans with disabilities who didn't live past eighteen. That's what happens when vampires inbreed.

"Yes, but she wont be a problem...Isaac never liked her or her bitch of a mother. As soon as he is King, everyone who dares defy his wishes will go bye byes." She smiles at me, fluttering her eyelashes.

Frowning, I shake my head, "You keep saying King! How can Isaac become king?! What are you planning?" I demand angrily.

She smiles, "Well..."

.:Bailey:.

I practically fly into the room, shoving my mother and Lyle out on the way. Slamming the door closed, I barricade it with every piece of furniture in the bedroom except the bed.

For some reason, what springs to mind at the sight of Allie lying on her bed, is some sort of twisted Sleeping Beauty. She is my Briar Rose, my Aurora, cursed for eternity to slumber. Only the real Aurora

(she's actually my best friend Keralie's great Aunt) is still asleep even after around two thousand years...Phillip her 'prince' died in a tragic attempt of flight on his way there. He was the one who discovered that when you ride your horse off the edge of a cliff, your horse does not sprout wings...

Taking her hand in my own, I kiss her fingertips lightly, "Allie?" poor human attempt at waking her up. Time to get into the vamp magic.

Linking my mind to hers, I frown slightly when all I find is darkness.

Everything that was there before is gone. No fire. No blood. No nothing.

"Bailey?"

Turning around, I smile slightly when I see Allie. Perfectly normal, not bloody/dead Allie, standing before me with a slightly confused expression.

"What are you doing here?" her voice becomes panicked as she slowly begins to back away from me.

Reaching out, I walk towards her, quickly closing in on the space between us, "Allie! I'm here to help you! You're asleep!"

"NO! You...y-you kidnapped me! Get away from me!" her steps grow quicker.

I rush to her, "Allie please!" I plead with her, "Don't do this. I didn't mean to! I was trying to help you!" I can feel tears welling up...

Allie stops, "What's going on? Why can't I wake up? Everything's going strange. You kept hurting me! You drank my blood! Everything was burning and I was...it was...who was that woman? When she was around I couldn't do anything myself! She was...what is going on?" her voice gradually gets quieter and quieter until she's speaking in barely audible whispers.

I take her hand in mine, "That woman is keeping you asleep. She wont let you wake up...it's because you know what we are."

She frowns, "Oh. So I'm being hurt because YOU told me what you are?"

"Yes."

She bites her lip, "Wait...if I'm being targeted...does this mean my family could be targeted too?"

Wow. That hadn't even occurred to me.

"Yes." No sign of hesitation as I reply.

She slowly moves closer to me, "Will I ever wake up? How are you here talking to me?"

Taking a deep breath I squeeze her hand in a comforting manner (something I picked up while watching daytime soap operas), "I'm going to wake you up. The woman who was doing this is gone and I don't know why. You're going to have to come with me though Allie."

Allie nods, "Okay. Come where? Is there a portal or something to get out of here?"

Shaking my head, I hug her, "No. I need to keep you safe and the only way to do that is if I take you far, far away from here. To a safe house. This will make sure your family is safe as well."

Nodding violently, she hugs me back, "Alright then. But can we leave in secret? I couldn't bare it if I had to say goodbye to my family without a proper explanation..."

"Of course."

This has to be the most selfish thing I've ever done in my entire life.

Her family isn't in danger. I just want her for myself and now that I have her back...

.:Adrian:.

Shoving past Allie's family, I reach my mother and frantically pull her aside.

"What's going on Adrian?" she enquires anxiously.

"I killed her." I explain, "I killed Alyssa...but mother...that's not what we have to worry about!" my words sound like they're all glued together and slurred.

Mother frowns, "Spit it out Adrian!"

"Isaac's going to kill dad!"

Chapter 14

I Kicked A Vampire - Part 14

Chapter 14:

.:Bailey:.

I think the easiest way to wake her up is, strangely enough, to pinch her. If I tell her I'm going to pinch her and then do it and pull her out (all assuming that's what I do to get her out, my understanding of all this is still a little fuzzy) she might just think that it was me pinching her to wake her up and wont question it. She seems the inquisitive type who wont let 'I don't know...because?' lie as an answer.

"Okay. Uh, well Allie. I'm going to do it now." I explain with a quiet voice, being so close to her is getting me

all blah, I feel as if I could go flying everywhere at once at any moment.

She laughs slightly, "Look. Just do it, you're acting as if it's this big ass thing like we're having sex for the first time or something. Now hurry up."

I stare at her, shocked at her bluntness, "Ahh...right okay." I pinch her, as at the same time, kind of do a mental tug at her own mind as I escape.

Opening my eyes, I gaze down at her expectantly, but my heart drops into my stomach when I see her with eyes closed and no longer breathing. Her heartbeat is fading...fast!

"What? NO! Allie? ALLIE! Oh god not again!" I let out a strangled sob as I shake her rather violently.

.:Victoria:.

What?

At Adrian's words, I drop the teacup I was grasping between my fingers, barely acknowledging the pretty somewhat glittery sound it makes as it shatters into thousands of pieces on the hardwood floor.

"NO!" I gasp as I spin around and move past a worried looking McCourt family, "I should have known Isaac would be up to something! I should not have left Darren's side!" I sob.

On my way past, I hear sobbing coming from the bedroom. Something's not right. Why is everything bad happening today?!

"I'm truly sorry but I'm afraid I must depart." I explain to the McCourt's as I rush down the stairs and out of the house.

.:Isaac:.

Darren has been my superior for too long. Now it's time to show everyone just how 'superior' their beloved king truly is.

"What of Alyssa dear brother?" he enquires as we wander around the gardens.

Roses, black as night are growing. The only color that will willingly grow around our kind.

Human's don't seem to properly grasp the idea that plants/nature are living things. They have feelings,

experience emotions. Do you think trees like to be cut down and used as chairs? I think that if humans could hear them scream with every thud of the axe that they would be a bit more wary of what punishments they bestow upon this planet. Roses and other flowers, don't grow around vampires. Apparently we give them bad feelings, black roses (who are linked with death and sorrow) don't really give a damn what we are. Hence the fact you will only ever see black roses around the vampire kingdom.

"Well brother-" I spit the word, "Nothing really. I simply wished you to know that we have proof of her inappropriate usage of her talents." Time for the sob story pity act, "She..."

Darren's eyes grow wide, "She what brother? Isaac what is wrong?"

Talent comes in many forms. Whether it be wandering the dreams of others or creating fake tears to ensure belief in a lie.

Wiping my eyes, I embrace him, "My daughter...on my travels many years ago I met a woman...I did not

know! It was impossible to mate with humans, but...it happened. She had my daughter and...and Alyssa has killed her." I exclaim. I've always been rather good at dramatizing. I mean, when your 'parents' spend all their time cooing over their REAL son, what else is there to do except obsess over Shakespeare and practice with the maids?

"A daughter? Why did you not speak of this sooner?" Darren asks. His expression is all I need to continue. He believes me. His anxious tone conveys the true feeling of caring for this girl who is my daughter.

"I did not want to give your family a bad name. After all, vampires mating with humans must be illegal..."

Darren shakes his head in disbelief, "I cannot believe it. Alyssa killing another of her kind! And your daughter at that!" he exclaims in horror, "We must leave to find her at once! A crime of such-"

"Just come with me." I cut him off. His flowery choice of language is seriously getting on my nerves. He's not usually like this...

.:Bailey:.

I stop when I hear giggling. The giggling gradually grows louder until it's exploded into full blown laughter.

Opening my eyes, I glare at Allie beneath me, staring up at me with her large green eyes.

Grabbing her into a hug, I growl angrily, "I thought you had died!"

She sighs, "Yeah. It's a trick I picked up in drama. I had to play a dead girl and to give a real reaction, she taught me how to control my heart rate and breathing. It was one hell of a play." She winks at me.

I chuckle and let her go, "Alright. What do you want me to do?"

She furrows her brow, obviously confused, "What do you mean 'do'?"

Pointing to the door, I run my fingers through my hair, "Your family. You still need to come with me, what do you want me to tell them?"

.:Victoria:.

Rushing through the gates of the city, I sprint through to the palace.

"Your majesty."

I ignore the murmured greetings and such as I search desperately for my husband.

I find the imperial advisor, an old friend of Darren and mine by the name of William, "Will! Where is Darren?" I ask him frantically.

William frowns, "He left a few hours ago with his lordship Isaac."

My heart falls.

The world seems to slow down to a stop as my mind swirls with every horrible possibility of what could have already happened.

"Vicky? Victoria what's wrong?"

Hanging my head, I drop to the floor, "Send out the troops and find them!" my voice is low, husky.

William drops to my side, "What is wrong Victoria?" he demands.

I lift my gaze to meet his, "Isaac has been plotting against our king. The act of a jealous brother can amount to anything...and potentially cause our race to crumble to nothing."

His eyes widen and he jumps to his feet, "Gather the guards! The scouts! OUR KING IS IN DANGER NOW FOLLOW AFTER HE AND HIS BROTHER LORD ISAAC! ISAAC IS DANGEROUS AND IF YOU FIND HIM YOU MUST KILL HIM!"

.:Bailey:.

Opening the door, I stroll straight out and take Elisa's hands in my own.

She stares up at me expectantly, but when I do not speak, the confidence in her daughters recovery begins to falter. It's like watching a child being told that Santa doesn't exist. Every ounce of this woman's being is crushed by the possibility of one of her children being gravely injured.

"I'm sorry." I begin and almost instantaneously, the entire family breaks down. The sister and the three

brothers and the father all burst into tears at those two simple words.

"I couldn't help her and her...her heart stopped." I whisper to Elisa.

Elisa is the only one who isn't crying. She merely nods, swallows her tears and wraps her arms around me in a tight hug, "Thank you for trying." She whispers.

Nodding, I let her go and watch as she turns into her husband's waiting arms.

Reentering Allie's bedroom, I see she's already got a couple of bags packed. She's sitting on her bed with bloodshot eyes and running eyeliner.

"It's the easiest way." She explains, "If they think I'm dead then..." she hiccups, "Then they can get over me quicker."

Coughing slightly, I kick her bags out of the way, "You don't need any bags. I'll buy you new stuff." I tell her, "I know it's hard for you, but they'll be a lot safer this way. You all will be."

She nods and I open the window.

.:Allie:.

Time to start a new life?

If only it weren't so hard to say goodbye...

Okay! Well that's the end of that chapter. I hope you're liking this story everyone who's reading it =)

Umm, yeah. Well here's the thing. I sort of have some stuff planned out, but I'd really like your opinion on the matter.

Isaac is evil. Yes we've established that, BUT what am I going to do after that? Ruin the Allie+Bailey lovey doveyness yet again because I'm a big meanie. Only problem. I need someone/something to do that. SO I want to know what you think of say...some sort of Adrian - Allie - Bailey love triangle and some good old sibling rivalry. Also...I have some other plans for Allie, some you may not appreciate so greatly, however, it would be nice if you didn't stop reading it just because something bad is happening.

Love you ALL!

xoxo

Brenna

Chapter 15

I Kicked A Vampire - Part 15

Chapter 15:

>>3 Hours Later<<

.:Allie:.

Bailey decided that in order to make whatever we're doing (because I still have no idea) seem normal...ler, we're going to have to drive to wherever we're going.

I get horribly, horribly car sick.

Though I must admit. Speeding through the countryside in a beautiful black Dodge Viper SRT10 isn't so bad...apart from the stops we have.

Bailey and I have an agreement sort of I guess. He saved my life so I don't totally hate him. He's protecting me and my family of his own choice so I count him as a friend.

"Bailey?"

I jump. That wasn't me speaking.

Twisting my head around, I stare wide eyed at Adrian who's easily keeping up with the car.

Bailey frowns, "Yeah?" he asks, pulling over.

Adrian sighs and the two wander off, leaving me in the car alone straining to hear what they're talking about.

.:Adrian:.

"Dad's in trouble. Isaac is going to kill him and we both know who's in line for the throne when dad's gone and unfortunately it's not us."

Bailey is staring at me. It's almost as if he doesn't give a crap.

Slowly, he 'comes back to life' as he moves after what seemed to be years of him being still as a statue, "I uh...Adrian I know it's bad, but-"

NO!

My blood is boiling. He can NOT be doing this to our family, "Bailey! It's dad! OUR dad!" I exclaim.

I watch him as his head turns and he glances over at Allie who is watching us with a patient smile. So oblivious.

"No...no you are NOT turning your back on this family for a human girl!" I stomp my foot, my voice cracking with rage.

Bailey simply shakes his head, "I'm sorry Adrian."

With that he walks away from me.

I peer over at Allie. Why? Why did he choose her over us? What is so special about Allison McCourt that Bailey would desert his own family?

A small smile plays over my lips. Well it's not so much a smile as a smirk, "Perhaps I shall have to find

out. It can't possibly be love, my brother is incapable of such human emotions like 'love'."

.:Matt:.

I can't believe it.

"What do you mean dead?" I demand to know.

Dad sighs, "Allie passed away Matthew...that young man wasn't able to help her and I guess she just couldn't take anymore of the tests..."

Suddenly there's a blood curdling shriek that sends chills down my spine.

Dad and I glance at each other briefly before bolting upstairs and into Allie's bedroom where we come upon a strange sight.

Mikhaila is staring at Allie's bed. Allie's perfectly made, unused bed. But most importantly, Allie's EMPTY bed.

.:Allie:.

I beam at Bailey as he returns.

"What's up?" I ask as I redo-up my seatbelt.

Bailey shrugs, "Nothing. Ready to go?"

Nodding, I return to gazing blankly out the window.

Honestly I thought leaving my family forever would be harder than this and that I'd be a mess, but for some reason it's not really bothering me. They think I'm dead, I'm going somewhere with strange vampire guy who may or may not get hungry on the way and turn to me...oh wait, that's not good. Hmm...well back to positive thinking. I'm in a car with a hot rich guy who seems to fancy me a friend and is going to take care of me. My family no longer needs to worry about me being missing-

My eyes widen, "Bailey?"

"Yup?" he enquires, popping the 'P'.

Biting my lip, I point behind me as if to motion to my house, "What happens when they go in and don't find my body?"

The car jerks to a stop, sending my head into the dashboard with a crash.

"Ouch." I mumble as I rub at the already growing lump on my forehead.

Bailey runs his fingers through his hair, "Ah...I knew there was something I'd forgotten. Well...they'll have to think I took it and so...they'll think I'm a creepy necrophiliac or something."

I simply stare at him, attempting to convey my disbelief and shock at this statement, "No. Absolutely not. I don't want any-"

"Everything alright here?"

Glancing up, I groan inwardly at the sight of the cop. He's young, reasonably good looking, but cocky. Even I can pick that up.

Bailey immediately slips his arm around me and nuzzles his nose into my ear. I erupt into peals of laughter, "HA! NO! Stop, that tickles!"

He doesn't listen and continues, ignoring my frantic squirming, "Sorry officer. Me and my fiancée here just needed to chat about something. It was an...emergency." I don't like the way that word rolls off his tongue.

The policeman frowns, "Are you sure it's alright? I mean, I can help you to a hospital. With my siren on we should make it in about seven minutes to the next town."

Hospital? What the hell?!

I hear Bailey snickering behind me, "No thanks officer, we'll be fine. It was just a...false alarm."

The officer grins at me and then winks at Bailey, "Well alright then. I was just making sure because you're not allowed to park around here."

I smile, a little airily because I have absolutely no idea what just went on between the two guys, only that the cop thinks I'm Bailey's freaking fiancee which I so am not. I'm only sixteen...it's illegal...

I wave to the policeman as he returns to his car and then turn to Bailey who is sniggering away to himself as he starts the car and begins to drive again.

"What was that?" I ask bluntly.

Bailey shrugs, "What was what?"

My eyes narrow as I glare at him, "Don't you backsass me boy." I mutter in a tone which sounds JUST like my grandmother's when she was scolding Matthew and Patrick when they were little.

His eyes widen as he cracks up, "Don't you backsass me! Oh god you are hilarious! Seriously though, it was nothing. A simple lie. You're going to have to get used to lying if you're going to stick around me kid."

I cringe when he calls me 'kid' and wrinkle my nose, "It's Allie. And stop treating me like I'm dumb and tell me what you meant by false alarm."

He shrugs again. A habit that is growing more irritating as time wears on, "Well. I told him you're my fiancee and for some reason, the first thought that came to his mind was that you must be going into labour for us to pull over."

My jaw drops, "Labour?! With...with YOUR kid? Oh god..."

Bailey looks hurt for some reason, "Gee thanks. That wasn't insulting at all."

Shaking my head furiously, I pat his arm, "No! It's not that it's just...urgh. Do I look pregnant?" I enquire.

He glances over and me and shakes his head, "Nah definitely not."

Glancing down, I frown, "Hmm."

.:Isaac:.

Gazing down at Darren cowering beneath me, I smirk in triumph as I circle around him.

"Why are you doing this Isaac?" Darren questions.

Tapping my chin in feigned thought, I shrug, "I would have thought it obvious Darren. I want your throne and the only way to get it is for you to die. You see, I'm sick of being second best for everything. I'm sick of being Darren, his Royal Majesty's brother, I'm sick of being shunted aside while you live your charmed life."

Darren sighs, "I'm sorry brother...I didn't know you felt this way. How was I to kno-"

"SILENCE!"

There is a snap as my cane cracks into his head. The walking stick snaps in two while his neck snaps also.

I watch a little impatiently while his head springs around, his neck pushing back into place and healing.

"You should have known! You should have noticed! I spent my days crying! For years I'd thought I'd had a family finally. Two parents who genuinely cared for me! But that love was tested as soon as you arrived! You ruined everything! They FAILED me! So now, I'm going to make you fail not only your sons, but your wife, your guards, your people...every single person in this damned world is going to feel that failure that you make with your death."

.:Darren:.

I peer up at him, tears streaming down my cheeks.

"I swear I didn't know..." I explain quietly.

"It's too late for excuses."

Closing my eyes I hang my head in defeat, "Have at me as you please. I have no desire to disappoint you any further brother."

(I'm coming Darren.)

My heart skips a beat when I hear her lovely voice chime through my mind.

(I love you...) I tell her, hoping that she can hear me.

There's no reply until I hear a shrill scream echoing throughout the woods.

A few seconds later the door opens and a man enters grinning ear to ear.

"We got her. Her majesty won't be no problem anymore."

I stare at him in horror, "No!" I breathe.

Isaac chuckles in a taunting manner, "Yes dear brother and this is only the beginning..."

Then there's blackness.

Chapter 16

I Kicked A Vampire - Part 16

Chapter 16:

.:Bailey:.

"You're not fat. I swear it on my unnaturally long life."

"Feel it! Feel it!"

Turning, I glare at her, "This is ridiculous! I am NOT feeling your 'flab' so I can tell you your fat!"

"Why not?! Oh god...he thought I was fat..."

"Because there is no flab to hold onto!"

She let's out a pathetic whimper and I roll my eyes, "Fine? You want me to?"

She nods and I reach out and grab her breast briefly before pulling my hand away and returning to driving, "There."

I'm not looking at her, but I can tell her expression is one of complete and utter horror at my actions.

3...2...1...

"EWW!" knew THAT was coming.

Glancing over at her I shrug, "You asked me to feel your flab. That is the only part of you that I can see that is able to be grabbed. You're practically skin and bones."

Allie frowns, "Then why the hell would he think I'm pregnant?!"

I shrug again, but only because I know how much it annoys her, "I don't know. Besides...would it be so bad if you were pregnant with my child?"

She blushes, she's quite pretty when she blushes...I'd forgotten how good human blood smells...I must

admit, I've been quite behind in my feeding schedule lately. What with all my sulking.

"Alright that's it."

I jump slightly that she'd so sneakily snuck up on me with talking. Usually I know what they're going to say before they do, "What's it?"

She is glaring at me, "Speed up. We're stopping at a hotel at the next town and you are going to go and...do whatever you things do to eat. You've been staring at me for the last couple of hours with a rather unnerving hungry stare."

"Oh! Oh I'm sorry...I didn't even realise." LIE, "Um. Sure."

About twenty minutes later, we reach the town the cop was talking about. We got there quicker than if he'd escorted us, probably because my driving got to the 'Way past illegal and there's no going back' stage.

Parking outside the Vixen hotel, I nod to the valet and tip him as I wander inside.

Tapping the bell on the desk a couple of times, I grin at the girl sitting at the computer, "Allo."

She smiles up at me. (Oh now he is CUTE.) "How can I help you sir?"

"I'd like to speak with your manager please?"

She -Her name is Patricia- nods, "Sure. I'll just call-oh here he is now. Nigel, this young man wants to talk to you." She motions over to the man who just arrives at the desk.

"Nigel Scarson at your service. What would you like to talk about?"

I shake his hand and smile at him, "My name is Bailey De'Vierre and I was wondering when the last time the owner of the Vixen hotel's was around to check up on things?"

Nigel taps his chin thoughtfully, "Last August I believe. Why?"

"Lincoln is a very good friend of mine. I thought perhaps I'd drop by and see him if he were here, but he's not so I guess I'll just take the-" I glance back at

Allison who is standing next to a pillar gazing about her with a sense of awe and wonderment, "Well. I'll take the presidential suite."

"Oh I'm sorry sir, but the presidential suite is taken. The only one left is the Honeymoon suite." He exclaims.

I laugh, "Of course. Well...how about we just bump those people down to the honeymoon room so that me and my sister-" I motion behind me to Allie, "Don't have to be embarrassed by the rose petals and champagne?"

Nigel frowns, "I'm afraid I can't do that sir."

My eyes narrow into an icy fixed stare, "Oh I think you can Nigel. I think you can. You wouldn't want me to make just a simple phone call that could end your hotel career in a second would you? I told you I know the owner of this hotel, but I seemed to have forgotten that I know a LOT more people than him."

Nigel's jaw drops, "Th-that's, I-I uh..."

Pulling my cellphone out of my pocket, I flip it open and dial Lincoln's number, "Hey Lincoln? Yeah, one

of your managers, Nigel Scarson is refusing me the presidential suite beca-"

"Oh! Right, someone's in there. Sorry Bails, didn't know you were going to be showing up. Nah, you don't need the presidential suite. You helped these hotels get built from nothing. I've got you your own suite in every hotel I own across the world." Lincoln chuckles.

I grin, "Well that was unexpected. So how do I get into this suite of mine?"

"Meh, just ask Nigel for the key to the French Suite. It's the only one with that name and it's the only one that isn't offered on the website or anything."

My hand flies out in front of me, waiting patiently for Nigel, who has been standing there listening to the entire conversation, to hand me the keycard.

"Thanks Lincoln." I murmur.

"Hey no probs Bails! When you get the chance you should really fly up and join me here in Mexico. It's a blast!"

With that, I snap the phone shut and replace it back into my pocket.

With the keycard in hand, I link arms with Allie and lead her to the private elevator, "I hope you don't mind, but we'll only be staying in these hotels from now on."

She smiles, "I don't mind. What room did you get?"

"My one." I reply nonchalantly.

Her mouth opens slightly, "YOUR one? What do you mean your one?" she asks in disbelief.

"The guy who started this chain of hotels is an old friend of mine." I explain to her as the doors open, "I lent him the money he needed to get started and even helped build the first Vixen hotel in New York."

.:Allie:.

When the elevator doors open revealing the suite...oh the feeling was just too magical to describe. Everything was so pretty and delicate looking. So warm and homey. It was a mixture I'd never thought

able to be achieved, but someone with a lot of talent pulled it off.

In the middle of the suite is an enormous antique bed with curving patterns carved into it. The walls are dark green, forest green I'd say and the floors are dark wood, matching all the furniture.

One side of the suite is pure windows and I'm able to see the entire town.

I feel like a princess in a tall tower keeping a watchful eye on her kingdom.

"Hmm. It's nice. Not too shabby actually." Bailey exclaims from behind me.

Turning around, I sprint over and flop onto the bed, relishing in it's unbelievable comfortableness, "Shabby? This is gorgeous! I wouldn't mind living here for the rest of my life."

"No, but we'll be staying in hotels like these for a while now. Until I get everything at home sorted out."

I smile, "So we're going back to the mansion? Your family's house back wherever it was?"

He shakes his head, "No. I'm taking you to MY house. We all live apart. We all have a few houses around the world we go off to when we're sick of playing happy families. I have four. The one I'm taking you too is my favourite one. It's my summer villa."

Tilting my head to the side, I stare at him intently, "Tell me about it?

He chuckles and shakes his head again, "No. I want it to be a surprise. I think you'll like it though."

If living with Bailey is going to be like this all the time, then there is no way I'm ever running away from him again...unless of course he wants to eat me.

.:Victoria:.

I'm bound to something. I think I'm lying down, but I can't tell if I am or if I'm actually standing.

Everything is so unreal, so dream like that for a second I think I've been taken by Alyssa. I forgot momentarily that my youngest son had taken care of her.

"What's going on?" I mumble.

I feel a searing pain just above my left breast, just below my collarbone and suddenly there's light. Isaac steps into view as he leans down and licks my newly shed blood from my skin in an attempt to be seductive I think, "Good morning Victoria."

I glare at him, "Where is he?"

"Oh Darren? He's fine. I haven't hurt a hair on his head."

That doesn't sound right. There's got to be a catch.

"And this is the hair I haven't harmed." He winks at me as he throws the single dark brown hair behind him on the floor, "Now Vicky dearest. I want to give you a choice."

I gaze up at him with sick curiosity, "Go on..."

He chuckles and caresses my cheek with the palm of his hand as he leans in closer. It's repulsive, HE is repulsive. It's not due to the fact he's ugly. He isn't, he's rather good looking in fact. But he is my husband's step brother and could be killer!

"You can either refuse my offer and die along with your husband. Or you can save him and yourself."

My heart beats faster, "What does the second option involve?"

Isaac shrugs, "When I am king, I will require a queen. Due to the fact your son so...kindly took out my other option, I am left choosing you. You agree to be my queen and rule at my side and I agree to spare the lives of you, your insufferable sons and your husband."

Closing my eyes, I feel the tears burning them, "You promise not to hurt them?"

He nods and makes a cross shape over his heart, "Promise."

Relenting, I hang my head in defeat, "I'll do it."

.:Darren:.

Something's wrong. Why do I suddenly feel dead?

It's like a part of me just went...

"Move out of the way you dolt! Her majesty Queen Victoria, soon to be wife of King Isaac is coming to speak to the prisoner."

The door flies open and Vicky rushes to my side.

Before I can react, her lips are on mine and I breathe in her honey scent, "Victoria..."

She is sobbing, "I'm so sorry Darren...so sorry." She breathes.

The door reopens and Isaac enters, "Ah, brother. I see you've met my fiancee."

A stabbing pain shoots through my heart, "Fiancee?"

Victoria continues weeping brokenly as she clings to me, "It was the only way! He was going to kill you and th-"

"You agreed to marry HIM?" I seethe.

She shakes her head, "I swear! I'm doing it for you! I LOVE YOU!"

Wrenching myself out of her grasp, I shove her away, "NO! You have betrayed me! You should have let him kill me rather than go to him!"

"Guards, please escort her majesty back to the palace and prepare the coronation for noon tomorrow." Isaac orders them.

As the door closes behind them and her hysterical sobbing grows fainter, Isaac strolls over to me and grins, revealing his two sharp fangs.

"I win."

Then, as he moves back to the door and flicks the switch to turn the light off, he winks at me, "Oh and Darren?"

I raise my head weakly to look at him in an accusing manner.

He snickers to himself as he walks out.

"I lied."

And the door slams shut with a loud thud.

I would just like to say THANKS to everyone who's voting and commenting. Comments are what keep me writing. It's so thrilling to open my email inbox and find all these people talking about MY stories =D

Love Ya All!

~Brenna

Chapter 17

I Kicked A Vampire - Part 17

Chapter 17:

.:Matt:.

I don't believe it. It's been three days and there has been no sign of her body. To make matter's worse, my parents are passing it off as a...well I have no idea what the hell they're passing it off as! All I know is that they are refusing to acknowledge the fact that the body of their dead daughter has gone missing as a bad thing! It's almost as if they simply don't care!

But I care.

Glancing up from my place on her bed (I locked myself in her room after I kicked Mikhaila and dad out), I stare at Allie's desk. It hasn't been touched since she died so it's still messy, like a tornado hit it.

Standing up, I wander over to it and sit down at her chair, spinning around slowly as I do so.

Stopping, I pick up her diary and open the clasp. I gave her the diary for her eight birthday, she hasn't really used it except when I make special mention of it and she feels bad.

The first seven pages go over about five years of her life. Three entries around her eigth birthday and the rest over the next five years or so. They contain the usual stuff.

~Dear Diary,

I'm writing in you because Matty asked me if I used you and...well I don't really. One of these days I'll have to get around to using you all the time. You're so pretty it's a shame to let you go to waste.~

And so on, so forth.

I read through it, observing how her writing style changed over the years, smiling when she makes comments about me or her friends.

When I get to the page after that last entry in 2006, I find a new entry for 2009. It's from the day we got her back after the kidnapping.

~Dear Diary,

I really need to tell someone about what happened. Mom and dad don't believe me when I say that they didn't hurt me...Matt...well he just wouldn't understand.

Bailey and Victoria...to be honest...I kind of miss them. They weren't horrible, they helped me and took care of me. I almost wish I could get away from this place now. Everything has changed since I've come back, my friends have accepted me back, but I can see beneath their happiness. They think I've changed. I probably have.

I'll write in you soon, Allie~

The next page was written a few days later.

~Dear Diary,

I feel like I'm being watched or something. I hate it here so much. The only good thing about this place is Mattybear. He looks after me, he's the only one who's treating me normally.

Allie~

Pages and pages of how she's feeling. Sometimes there are more than one entry a day, there can be up to three or four.

Then I find one that makes me feel sick.

~Dear Diary,

I've done something bad...~

That's it. That's all that's written on the page.

I flick past it, hoping to find more information of what she's done wrong, but it's the last page that's been written in.

My stomach is churning as I break down.

Spinning around, the diary leaves my fingers and hits the wardrobe door with a thud.

Standing up, I pad over to the wardrobe and open it.

My jaw drops when I find them.

Pictures, sketches. Hundreds and hundreds of them scattered over the floor and pinned to the walls. Boxes full of them.

Each of them of the same thing.

HIM.

The one who made all of this happen.

Bailey De'Vierre who took her, Bailey De'Vierre who brought her back and Bailey De'Vierre who killed her.

Grabbing a handful of the ones on the floor, I frown when I notice the dates.

Most of them are from after she returned, but a good percentage of them are from when she was only seven.

It's now that I realise that this goes deeper than anyone ever thought.

Something strange is going on and I intend on finding out what it is because in my heart, I know there has to be a reason that her body is gone.

It's because she's not dead.

.:Bailey:.

It's about 1am and it's pitch black. The moon and stars are barely there, covered by clouds.

I'm still awake, I'm always awake.

I don't mind though. I'm happier than I have been in a very, very long time.

I've fed (some poor drunk teenager who wont be drinking anything ever again methinks) and I'm lying in the bed in one of the suites Lincoln has set aside for me with Allie sleeping in my arms.

She believes we're friends. She cares for me as a friend and as far as she knows, we are just friends. I don't care. I think it's time to admit it to myself. I'm in love with Allison McCourt...and I intend on waiting for her, being her friend until she realises she loves me too.

When a vampire mates, they mate forever. It's a connection so strong that if one dies, the other will follow soon after. Some are even able to experience pain that the other is feeling. Bonded. We call them Harmony's. When a vampire finds the person that they will stay with forever, that person is their Harmony because they exist as two halves of a single entity which is much like a harmony in a song.

I think she's my Harmony...

"Matthew?"

Her voice is mumbled and thick with sleep, "Matt no...no don't..."

It goes on for a few minutes until she goes silent.

She was dreaming of her brother.

I sigh slightly and let my mind wander. I need to find him and see what he's doing so I can reassure her that he's fine.

(What do you mean leaving? Matthew no! I know you loved her, we all did and we're all feeling her death! You can't leave us too!)

(No. I need to go. I'll be back to see you some time, but don't bother coming after me. I'm eighteen for gods sake and I need to do this. I love you mom, you too dad.)

(NO! You walk out that door boy and you're never coming back!)

I watch as I/Matthew walk out the door, slamming it behind me/him.

(I need to find her. I need to know what's going on...)

My eyes fly open and jerk so violently from shock that Allie wakes up.

"What? What's wrong Bailey?" she asks anxiously, her eyes huge from surprise.

Shaking my head, I hug her slightly, "Nothing...Just...nothing at all. Go back to sleep." I coo to her and lucky for me, she does as I say and her breathing slows down again signifying her slumber.

This is not good.

(Lyle?)

(Bailey? Where are you?! Bailey, Isaac...he's go-)

(Lyle stop. I need you to do something. Allie's brother Matthew, he's coming to find her. He knows she's not dead!)

(Isaac's forcing mom to marry him! Dad's still missing and so is Adrian!)

Oh god!

Moving out from beneath Allie, I pace around the suite, trembling slightly as I do so. (NO! Everything is going terribly wrong...please. Take care of Matthew then go to my summer house. We'll meet you there in the morning and then I'll find Adrian.)

(Okay. Bailey...never mind. Just get moving.)

Flipping open my cellphone, I dial a number, "Kelly? I need a favour. Do you still fly?"

"Yeah. Why hon?"

Glancing over at Allie's sleeping form, I sigh, "I need you to pick me up from the Vixen hotel in Sapphire City. I'll have someone else with me and we need to get to my summer house by dawn. Think you can do it?"

There is a slight pause before she replies, "No probs sweetheart. Am I allowed to tell Alastair?"

"I'd prefer it if you didn't. He's got too much to worry about right now."

I can practically feel her nodding in understanding, "Alright. I'll be there in an hour. Seeya."

She hangs up and I collapse against the wall.

Aunt Kelly is a human, she is my Uncle Alastair (my mother's brother)'s Harmony/wife. She's a pilot and likes to collect jets...

.:Adrian:.

"Come on dad...we can't let him win! Do you know what Isaac will do as king?"

He sighs, "Yes I do. But we can't win. There's no point in getting innocent people killed to fight an already lost battle..."

Tears well up in my eyes as I swallow back a sob, "Please...we can't give up. We need to help mother..."

"Your mother is dead to me..."

>>>>>>>>>>>>>>>>>>>>>>>>>>>>>>>>>>>>>>>

Uh hey again guys. Yeah, well I hope you liked the chapter, I hope you like the story as a whole. Just thought I'd let you know that Matthew is going to be a much more important character from now on and I was wanting you opinions for yet ANOTHER thing in the story. Which is better? Girls or boys? AND Should I be evil and do something bad to our favourite potential couple? One more thing I'd like to know your thoughts on whether or not to let Matt find out about the vamps and what the hell is going on with his sister? lol

PLEASE please PLEASE help me out by commenting your thoughts to those questions/opinion thingymajigs!

Love You All!

~Brenna

Chapter 18

I Kicked A Vampire - Part 18

Chapter 18:

.:Allie:.

Coming back to consciousness, I realise that my eyelids really aren't very good windows and open them to find that upon regaining that sense, my sense of hearing has returned and with it came a huge roaring sound from above me.

"It's alright. Are you alright?"

Glancing up, my eyes widen to see Lyle hovering over me. I've really grown fond of Lyle since our first...um 'encounter' (where he tried to rape me

because he thought I was a call girl), but what puzzles me is the fact that it should be Bailey holding onto me.

"Where's Bailey?" I enquire as I stretch out slightly.

Lyle turns me upright and sits me down opposite him, "Change of plans. I caught up with you at the hotel and he left me to take you to his house."

Nodding, I feel a small pang of regret that I hadn't been awake to say goodbye.

"Oh you did. Don't worry."

Glancing up at him, I frown, "Huh?"

Lyle is obviously trying to hide a smug smirk from me as he turns away, "You did say goodbye. Quite...shall we say vehemently?"

"What do you mean vehemently?"

Lyle shrugs and wraps his arm around my shoulders, "You didn't want him to go. I didn't think you were awake properly though, obviously you weren't due to the fact you're struggling to remember it all. Your

speech was atrocious. Slurred and you'd cut off at the most inconvenient times."

Biting my lip, I feel my cheeks flooding with colour, "Oh." I murmur in a small voice.

He chuckles, "It's alright. I'm sure the 'big fat meaniemcmeaniepants' will forgive you."

Oh dear god...

.:Bailey:.

Should I have left her? Yes...family HAS to be more important than some gir- Then again...No! Definitely family.

Upon reaching the city gates, I freeze when I see them. Guards upon guards flying towards me with their onyx tipped spears. The official part of the kingdom has always been a tad...old fashioned.

Onyx is the only thing that can fully kill a vampire. No one knows why, but everyone knows the story of how people found out. It was a rather...gruesome tale involving a friend of mine's great, great, great grandfather, a frog and a shiny black rock. Actually,

now that I think of it, it's also how we found out that the dryads don't appreciate the male gender as much as we'd thought. (There are no male dryads. They mate with either human or vampire men. They're also amazing in bed...or so I've heard...)

"Let me go! I am the Prince of the Underworld!"

I struggle against the guards grip, but fail when one of the spears bumps into my shoulder causing me to cry out in pain instead. It didn't break through the skin, only grazed it, but it's burning like hell and believe me, a guy like myself knows what hell is like. (Long story, had to help a friend who got a little frisky with a demon's daughter.)

"Not anymore you're not." The closest one replies as they drag me through the city and up to the palace.

The doors fly open and I break free of their grasp and rush to my mother. She looks ill...almost green in colour and her veins are very prominent...

"Mother?"

She embraces me warmly, "Bailey...I'm so sorry. Please don't hate me."

Shaking my head, I cling to her as if I am but a young boy again, "I'll never hate you. What's going on?"

She shoos the guards away and leads me through the palace I already know by heart, to the third parlour. Or rather 'Her Royal Majesty Victoria's Imperial Parlour' or something of the sort. All these fancy names are hard to keep up with.

Sitting down, she hands me a goblet full to the brim with the dark red liquid that we require to live.

"AB negative? Your favourite is O positive..." I murmur.

She nods, "Bailey...sweetheart. Isaac, he's...he's changed. He was going to murder your father and you and your brothers." She explains quietly, "The only way I managed to stop him, was to...I had to marry him and he wouldn't kill you. Please forgive me." She pleads.

I sigh, a long, mournful sound, "I forgive you mother. But...Isaac. He's king now. Have you any idea what that could do to the kingdom?"

"I know exactly what it's going to do."

"And that is?"

.:Adrian:.

"Bailey? BAILEY GET DOWN HERE YOU GOOD FOR NOTHING BASTARD!" my voice is hoarse with screaming.

I hate him. I hate him SO much. Him and his little girlfriend, "CAN ROT IN HELL!"

Collapsing by the door, I cling to his body.

His...being my father's.

He lied. Isaac lied to my mother. He lied to my father. He lied to all of us.

Betrayed. That's what I feel. Betrayed. Furious. And so much more.

The door swings open and I hear small, quick footsteps.

I can smell green apple, sweet and sour at the same time, but oh so addictive. Mixed with the scent of jasmine it's quite a...particular smell. Very pure, untainted by drugs and alcohol.

Then I see her. The owner of such an exquisite fragrance.

Allie, kneeling beside me. Her orangey hair glowing red in the sunlight as she hugs me.

"Adrian. Oh no, Adrian what happened? Who's this? Is he your friend? We need to get you two inside and help you!"

Shaking my head, I hug her to me as well, "There's no need. He's dead...he's dead..." I sob into her.

.:Lyle:.

Pulling my headphones out, I frown when I realise I can't smell Allie anymore.

Sprinting down the five sets of stairs (my brother doesn't pay attention to how tiring it gets walking up five sets of stairs a numerous amount of times every day.) and rushing through the arches of his Italian style villa/mansion I find a sad sight.

"FATHER!" I cry as I surge over to Adrian's side.

I grab dad's body and hold it, "Oh god..."

Adrian has Allie in a tight embrace which seems to be getting tighter. If he's not careful, he'll snap her in half soon.

Sitting him up, Allie disentangles herself from him, "Your dad?" she enquires with a mournful expression.

I nod and Adrian lies back soaking up the sunlight in a pained attempt to get over it.

She moves his hand and frowns, "Do vampires bleed?" she asks as she surveys the pumping wound in his stomach.

My eyes widen, "What? How? Adrian, what happened?"

Adrian coughs weakly, "I went looking for dad and mom. Some guards found me and dragged me out to the old family cabin that we spent our summers in with grandfather and grandmother when we were little. Dad was tied up and weak. Isaac had been using him as a...I couldn't stop it." He sobs, "He died before we were a mile out from there and then I was

ambushed. They had onyx blades and I fought as hard as I could, but one of 'em got a lucky hit."

.:Allie:.

"Onyx? That black stone?"

Lyle glances over at me, "It's the only thing that can kill us. It basically poisons our system, turns us human if it's in for too long. It takes forever for an onyx wound to heal."

Peering down at the oozing injury, I frown when I spy a glint of black, "Oh ok." I mutter as I reach in and pluck out the long, thin shard of onyx.

Adrian's scream could be heard for miles. A hellish sound of physical and emotional agony.

.:Lyle:.

Turning to the girl, I point upstairs, "Get him inside. Take him to the kitchen on the first floor and try to clean up the stab as much as you can. I'll take it from there when I get in."

She nods and help Adrian stand up. A sight that would, under any other circumstance, be really

rather amusing. Tiny Allie supporting tall, heavy Adrian up two flights of stairs.

.:Adrian:.

"It's alright. I'll patch you up when we get inside. I'll look after you." She whispers to me.

I don't reply for fear of hurting her feelings by saying something rash and hateful.

Lumbering into the kitchen, she murmurs something to the chef. A small, middle aged woman with dark hair and eyes and tanned skin. She replies with something in Italian before hugging Allie and walking out.

"You speak Italian?" I manage to cough out.

She blushes, "My grandmother was Italian." She replies as she helps me lie down on the bench.

She begins to carefully unbutton my shirt which I quickly grow bored with and push her hands away, ripping it apart and discarding it on the floor, "Sorry. You were too slow." I tell her gruffly.

The poor girl...she looks like she's close to tears and she's trembling horribly as she grabs the alcohol and puts some on a cloth.

"Sorry for being rude." I apologize in a hushed voice.

.:Allie:.

Shaking my head, I continue to clean the wound thoroughly, "No it's fine." I reply. STOP being such a sook! You WERE being slow it's your own fault. But he doesn't have to be so mean...

.:Adrian:.

"No. Look, I really am sorry. I shouldn't snap at you for something you didn't do. I'm just annoyed."

She frowns and pokes me. I let out a muffled cry against her hand which magically appeared over my mouth.

She pokes me again, "Stop doing that!" I hiss at her, "Your nails are sharp."

Her eyes widen, "I don't think you're meant to feel that."

Glancing down, I frown, "Come here."

She does as I say and moves up beside me.

Gripping her wrist, I breathe in and frown. Nothing. Absolutely nothing...

.;Lyle:.

I've been watching from the doorway. Anyone else by now would be food for Adrian. He has a short temper when he's not being so completely gay and stuttering and such. Oh...that was harsh and I'm not one to call other's gay considering...

When he sniffs her wrist and I hear his thoughts, I realize what's happened.

"Allie? Could you please go and set up the second guest room for him while I chat with Adrian?" I enquire.

She nods and rushes past me quickly.

Adrian sits up clutching his newly bandaged stomach tightly, "Lyle...I uh..."

Shaking my head, I hug him, "It's fine. Just stay here with us until the wound heals and we'll talk about what to do next when you're better okay?"

He nods, "Where's Bailey?" he demands, "And why are you here with Al-"

"Bailey is gone. He's trying to find mother and father. I'm here because he asked me to take care of Allison while he was gone."

Adrian merely nods and mumbles something under his breath which I fail to catch.

.:Victoria:.

"I have to go. Mother I need to find father."

I nod and hug my son tightly, "Please look after him and be careful...come back when you find him?"

"Of course." He whispers before leaving.

Shifting over to the window, I watch as he sprints away from me.

My poor boy. I just wish this was all over...

Chapter 19

I Kicked A Vampire - Part 19

Chapter 19:

.:Adrian:.

Two weeks. Two damned weeks of bed rest and I'm still not healed and Bailey STILL is not back. Although I must admit the company hasn't been too terrible.

I've really learnt stuff about Allie.

She's exactly what Bailey doesn't deserve. She's sweet and caring, intelligent, pretty (in the sense that she's not beautiful, but her personality mixed with her reasonably average, but cute looks, makes her

pretty? Make sense?) she's stubborn, wont shut up and is...over all...absolutely wonderful and I hate it. Considering I'm engaged to the now 'princess of the Underworld' it's not particularly a great thing to say to a bunch of stronger, angrier vampires. "Uh yes. Esmeralda, your highness, are a very lovely young woman. But I love a human because she's overall a better person than yourself."

It just doesn't work.

Not that I love her or anything. No, no, no...see. I've worked it out.

I want to hurt Bailey for turning his back on us in our time of need. I am not forgiving like my older brother Lyle, I want revenge. I want to break him worse than any physical pain would so I'm going to hit him where it hurts. I'm going to go after Allie.

It shouldn't be hard. A handsome blonde vampire...oh sorry, human, such as myself, dashing good looks, charming personality, It'll be a cinch getting her to fall for me.

"Hey Adry." Her soft voice pipes up as she wanders in.

I think the best way to do this is to be very forward.

"Hey sweetheart." I grin at her.

She sets the tray down beside my bed and sits down by my legs, "How's my favorite patient going?"

I shrug, "It's going...alright. It's better now you're here." Cheesy, I know. But chicks eat the romantic crap up.

She blushes, "Aww. You're so sweet." See?

"So what's my favorite nurse doing?"

She sighs, "The usual. Waiting for Bailey." She explains as she undoes the bandage slowly, checking the wound before going about fixing it up.

Wincing slightly, I frown. It's weird. I've never been human before so not having the constant craving for human blood, the heightened sense of smell, the immunity to illness and the non-able to be hurt-ness...it's all new and strange.

"Alright. You're done." She exclaims as she moves to stand up.

Reaching out, I grasp her wrist tightly and pull her down as I twist around, pinning her to the mattress, "Honestly Allie, you go around doing all this stuff for me and I haven't had the chance to pay you back."

She doesn't struggle, she merely peers up into my eyes with a slightly worried expression, "I uh. I really don't mind though. It's all I can do to repay Bailey for protecting my family and me."

I laugh quietly as lean in closer to her, "I insist."

"No...seriously it's fi-"

Pressing my lips against her throat, I smirk as I place light kisses up until I reach her lips, "I've noticed something."

She giggles slightly, "What?" she enquires as she touches my hair.

.:Allie:.

Should I be feeling guilty? It's not as if I'm betraying Bailey...after all. He is only a friend and he hasn't

shown real interest in me, unlike Adrian. Adrian...he's so...so cool. Cool. I sound like a ditsy teenager when I say that. Wait. I AM a ditsy teenager, but that's not the point.

When he kisses me, I feel all fluttery inside and he's human now so we have more in common than Bailey and myself. And he's blonde. I've always had a soft spot for blondes.

"You're more than some simple human." He explains as he brushes his lips against my own yet again in a chaste kiss, "I can understand why Bailey would want to protect you."

Unintentionally, my body arches into him when he moves back down to my throat and continues down over my collarbone with light, gentle kisses, "Really?" my voice is barely audible.

He nods with a happy laugh, "Yes. Really." The delicate vibrations his laughter sends through my skin is...I sigh in contentment. There are no words.

.:Lyle:.

Sniffing the air, I let out a low guttural snarl before rushing to the right a couple of kilometers to the closest town. There is one in particular. A sunny, fruity scent. Almost spicy.

Upon reaching the near desolate village, I find the owner of such a wonderful scent. A young Italian woman, probably mid-twenties, long luscious brunette curls, dark eyes, thick eyelashes. A perfect picture of beauty.

"Evening." I greet her in Italian with a nod as I step out from the shadows.

She turns around and smiles at me, "Hello." She replies. She speaks English, her accent is thick though.

Strolling over to her, I lick my lips slightly. I'm thirsty. Keeping an eye on Allie is...a full time job.

"How are you?"

She shakes her head, "Enough. Let's just go back to your place?"

Grinning, I nod, "Of course. Must not deny a beautiful woman of her wants."

Taking her hand. I lead her to a nearby hotel.

.:Bailey:.

"Hmm. So I finally get to meet you as a step son."

Shuddering at his voice, I glare at my 'step father', "Where are they?" I hiss.

Isaac shrugs, "Well. One is six feet under by now I'd assume and the other is well on his way hopefully."

I feel sick, I want to throw up, "LIAR! Now TELL ME where they are!"

"I don't care. I have what I want. Adrian was stupid enough to get in my way. Your father is dead and Adrian should be too. Now leave the Underworld! I never wish to see you again."

With a wave of his hand, the guards run at me with their spears.

.:Lyle:.

Dropping the body, I wipe the blood from the corner of my mouth away and sigh. I brush the hair out of her face and gaze down at the woman. I always feel a little guilty when I feed, but honestly, if it's a choice between life and death, what am I supposed to do?

Stepping back, I stretch out like a cat before vanishing into the night like a ghost.

Upon arriving back at the house, I can sense the atmosphere is...a little off. Something strange is going on and I can smell...oh great. Adrian's got one of his lady friends over.

"Welcome back master Lyle." The cook greets me with a sly smile.

I grin at her, "Evening Antonia. Where is Mistress Allison?"

The old woman is grinning ear to ear as she points at the ceiling, "Mistress Allison and Master Adrian requested that they not be disturbed."

My jaw drops as I jump to my feet, "What? NO!" I leap up to the second storey, passing the stairs completely as I force my way into his bedroom.

I glare at him, Adrian is just laughing the entire scenario off as if it's a huge joke and Allie...poor Allie is just lying beneath him asleep and barely covered by the sheet.

"Get away from her! You KNOW how important she is to-"

Adrian sits up and rolls his eyes as if bored, "Yeah yeah. Of course I know how important she is. That is EXACTLY why I'm doing it. She really is quite..." he touches her hair lightly, "Extraordinary. Don't you think so?"

Closing my eyes, I shake my head, "Yes. But she is his Harmony! She is off limits Adrian."

Her eyelids flutter open and Allie sits up and beams at me, "Hi Lyle." She exclaims as she yawns.

.:Bailey:.

Hitting the dirt is not fun, but ruining a perfectly good shirt is just...so unnecessary.

Brushing myself off, I kick the gates angrily, "Yeah well one day soon you're going to mess up and I'll be

there to crush you!" I growl at nobody. It's meant to be yelled at Isaac, but I doubt he'll care.

"Bailey!"

Rolling my eyes, I crack my neck from side to side as I watch my mother run towards me, "I'm going to check on Allie. It's been two weeks."

Tears are streaming down her cheeks, "Bailey! It's not that...what did he tell you?"

Shrugging, I stretch my arms back behind me, "Um. That dad's dead and Adrian should be too. He was lying though, I'm sure of it. Why?"

She doesn't speak, she merely nods.

Slowly it dawns on me.

Collapsing back against a tree, I hide my head in my hands, "No. No...he was lying. They aren't dead, I would know. I would know!"

.:Allie:.

"I'm not leaving."

"You are leaving. We're not going to tell him this happened and you are going to leave before he gets back and will stay away. The damage you have done is bad enough without him knowing as well."

"Damage? Damage?! What bloody damage?! I slept with Allie. She is NOT his Harmony! This is NOTHING compared to what he has done!"

"He hasn't done anything! You're convinced it's all his fault, but it isn't! It's not Bailey's fault that Isaac hated dad and killed him! It's not Bailey's fault that mother agreed to marry that scheming bastard! It's not Bailey's fault that he fell in love with a human and wanted to protect her from said bastard!"

"Whatever. I don't even care anymore."

I jump when I hear a door slam shut and move away when the door I'm leaning up against opens.

"Eaves dropping is a very bad habit to get into Allie."

I peer up at Lyle guiltily, "Sorry...what did you mean Bailey fell in love with a human? He hasn't been around any humans has he? Or has he and I just haven't noticed...?" I enquire curiously.

Lyle is staring at me, his expression unreadable as he flops back into an armchair, "No..."

We watch each other for a few minutes until it hits me.

My eyes widen.

"It's me?"

.....

Okie pokie. Well the story is...blah, I can't even explain my own story. Well. You think the whole incident with Adrian would be over right? Considering he's just walked out and the fact Bailey won't be told that any of that happened, BUT just letting such a *ponders* 'special' moment simply pass by without anymore trouble would be so...NICE and I am sorry to say I am anything but. You will probably hate me for what I'm going to do =) I'll take another vote soon about something so keep your eyes peeled. BTW I want more comments! I feel unnappreciated when I don't get many comments and I'm really wondering if I should even continue on with this story or ANY of my stories...so yeah...

Chapter 20

I Kicked A Vampire - Part 20

Chapter 20:

.:Allie:.

Oh god. I feel sick. I feel overwhelmed with guilt. I should've known! How could I be so blind?! A vampire who could have any girl he wanted, taking the time to protect a stupid, bitchy, skanky teenage girl...

It's all so. So. I let out an angry screech, the type that you hear from banshees or something.

God! I hate this! It's so...GRR!

Why does everything have to be so FREAKING COMPLICATED?!?!

Why me?

"Because he saved you."

Frowning, I stare up at him as he paces around the room, "I don't think that kidnapping me when I've been stabbed should really make someone love someone." I tell him.

Lyle sighs, "No, when you were six. You got stuck in a pine tree. Bailey was walking past-" he cuts off, "I don't even know why Bailey was there. It's not like there's any family there or anything important. Anyway, he was walking past when he found you and you were crying so he climbed up and brought you down back to the ground. Sometimes that's all it takes to make someone realize a person is their Harmony."

Rolling my eyes, I do the whole 'face palm' thing, "What is this Harmony thing you guys keep talking about?"

Lyle chuckles, "A Harmony is the person a vampire loves forever. They're kind of...made for each other. They make each other."

"Oh."

We sit in an awkward silence for a while before I too stand up and hug him, "Um. Thanks for telling me. I'm just..."

"Going to go have a shower and go to bed right?" he asks.

Nodding, I let go of him and continue past him out into the hall.

.:Lyle:.

I feel sorry for them. Adrian was so blinded by hatred that he hurt an innocent girl in the process of revenge. Bailey can't find out about this, if he does...who knows what he'll do to Adrian. Our family is troubled enough without one brother slaughtering another brother.

Suddenly I hear a door slam shut.

Cracking my knuckles, I prepare myself to beat the crap out Adrian if it's him, then lunging through the doors, I pin the intruder to the wall.

"What the hell are you doing?!"

Jumping back, I frown. I seem to be doing that an awful lot lately, "Bailey! Oh, sorry. I thought you might be-"

"An intruder? Right..."

I watch him intently to see if I can find any hint that he may have heard Allie and my conversation.

Bailey chuckles darkly, "What? Have I got something on my face?"

His eyes are bloodshot and red and his skin is paler than usual, "You've been crying." I state the obvious.

"Did you know? Did you know they were dead?"

Hugging him, I shake my head, "Who? Who is dead?"

Bailey shoves me away from him, "Dad and Adrian." He replies gruffly.

He thinks Adrian's dead? Well...

"Yes I did. Adrian showed up with dad's body. He was pretty close to dead as well, bleeding out all over the place. The onyx made him human, he'd had it in him too long and...well Allie tried her best. He died a few days ago."

.:Bailey:.

My eyes widen, "NO! Oh Allie must be inconsolable!"

"I wouldn't know. She's just gone to bed."

Turning away, I run my fingers through my hair, "I'm going to go find her. I just want to hold her for a while. I've missed her."

Lyle nods, "Of course. Will you be staying?"

"Yes." I answer his question curtly.

He clears his throat, "Alright. Well I'll be going then. Goodbye brother."

We hug quickly in parting and then I watch as he disappears, closing the front door behind him.

Sprinting through the house, I find her in her bedroom.

I gave her the master bedroom. The biggest bedroom in the house with its own ensuite and walk in wardrobe about as big as other bedrooms in the house. I like big, elaborate and extravagant things...

Knocking on the door, I listen hard to see if I can hear her sleeping before entering.

"Allie?" I call out.

There is no one in the neatly made bed, but I can hear movement coming from somewhere.

Suddenly the bathroom door flies open and all I see is a blur of orange before I'm tackled to the floor.

"Bailey! You're back!" she exclaims with genuine joy.

I grin, "Yes I am. How are you?"

"I'm good! Yourself?"

"Well. I'm okay...are you sure you're alright? Considering your patient died a few days ago."

She freezes, staring down at me, "Oh...well...yes? I'm alright. I didn't know Adrian that well...well I was getting to know him better over the weeks, but uh...it didn't hurt as much as you'd think."

Something sounds off. She's almost robotic in her answering and movements.

"What's wrong Allie?"

She wriggles around uncomfortably, "Nothing."

"Why are you lying to me? You can trust me." I explain to her as I sit up.

Allie rests her head on my shoulder, "Nothing. Everything's great now you're back. Lyle is nice, but...yeah."

Chuckling, I let it drop, "Okay. Maybe you get some sleep."

"Yeah...I'm just going to go to bed now."

With that she stands up and moves into the wardrobe, returning moments later in pyjamas, she crosses the room and climbs into the bed.

Standing up, I crack my neck from side to side before leaving the bedroom.

Just as I close the door, I hear sobbing.

Not, late night simple crying into the pillow, real, reasonably loud, agonizing sobbing...

What have I done?

She's crying because I took her from her family.

.:Matt:.

"Where can I take you hon?"

"Emerald City." I reply, clutching the diary close to me.

The car broke down and I couldn't be bothered walking five miles to the next town.

"No problem sweetheart, but I think you should know that...well the people there aren't really...very inviting." The woman explains.

She is around mid twenties with dirty blonde hair and brown eyes. She's quite pretty.

"I don't care. I just need to get to Emerald City." I mutter.

With that, we take off.

I've been following her diary. Every now and then, I'll find the name of a town or a city that I think could help me. Unfortunately, they've all been dead ends. I'm hoping Emerald City will hold some answers for me, but...I'm not holding my breath because I'm probably just setting myself up for disappointment if I hope I can find her there.

"So what's a nice young man like you doing going to a place like Emerald City?"

Turning to Lola, I sigh, "My sister. She was...she ran away and I'm looking for her."

Lola makes a small 'oh' sound, "Well...honey, if she's gone there alone then...she may not be in very good shape."

"I'm trying not to think about that sort of thing sorry...I just need to find her."

She nods, "Sorry hon...do you have any accommodation for when you get there because I have a brother who lives there with his wife and you'll be safe there."

I smile slightly, "Thanks. I'd appreciate that."

"No problem."

.:Bailey:.

I need to go hunt. She'll be safe for the night. The real reason for my leaving to hunt is because I can't stand hearing her weeping.

It hurts me to hear someone so upset. Someone I care for very much sorry.

Allie means the world to me. If only she knew. I wouldn't have to just act like a friend. Perhaps she would accept me as...no. I'm being stupid. Allie isn't the type of girl to just take something like that and go along with it.

.:Adrian:.

I've been walking for about two and a half hours now. I'm not staying in Italy, I'm going to get out anyway possible.

"Hello."

Turning around, I grin at the woman standing behind me, shadowed against the trees, "Hello yourself."

She smiles at me as she steps closer, "How about...I take you home to...clean you up?"

Grinning, I lean back against a tree trunk, "How about you take me home and turn me back into a vampire Larissa?"

She hisses at me, "Who are you? You're human, but you know about us!"

"Adrian De'Vierre." I reply in an icy tone.

Biting her lip, she kneels before me, "Your highness. I'm sorry, I didn't recognize you..."

"I don't care. I need you to turn me back now!"

"But there is a risk!"

"I know about the risk and I am willing to take it." I growl at her, "Now do it."

Without another seconds hesitation, she sinks her fangs into my throat and drags them down, tearing the flesh open wider. I scream out, it's excruciating! Beyond anything I have ever felt! Her tongue flicks out and she licks over the wound. Her saliva mixed

with the venom heals the gash quickly and then I pass out.

.:Matt:.

We've been driving for hours when we finally reach the house I'll be staying at.

It's a nice, medium sized house.

Lola takes my bags and carries them inside, I follow along after her and find myself face to face with a pleasant looking woman in her mid thirties.

"Hello." She greets me warily, "My name is Elizabeth. You can call me Lizzie."

Chapter 21

I Kicked A Vampire - Part 21

Chapter 21:

.:Matt:.

I shake her hand and gaze around the house, "It's nice. Very...clean." I exclaim.

"Thank you." She murmurs in an almost embarrassed tone. I notice she's watching me intently, it's really rather unnerving.

"Right well...I think I'll go out to see if anyone's seen her." I announce before leaving the house and strolling down the street.

Everything is so quiet. Eerie.

I keep walking until I reach a club and go in. There isn't any security and no one is paying attention as I enter.

Flopping down at the bar, I grin at the bartender. A young looking man with dark brown hair and green eyes.

He grins back, "What can I getcha?"

Shrugging, I glance up at the list of drinks, "I'll have...what's a Bloody Bathory like?"

The guy, his name tag says 'Kyle' so I guess he's Kyle, grabs a cocktail glass, "Well. It's a swirl of the best reds in town. A bit of O negative, a drop or three of A negative. Some AB positive. It's a personal favourite."

Red wine? In a cocktail? Sounds...strange.

Nodding, I point to it, "I'll take one of them."

I watch while he pours all the different wines into it, creating his 'masterpiece'.

When he finishes, he leans across to give it to me and frowns, "Hmm. Just a minute-" he holds the drink out

behind him and sniffs (me?!), "Woah there buddy. You can't have this."

I frown, "Why not?"

He glances around awkwardly, "Uh...you're underage."

Rolling my eyes, I slump over the bar, "Great. How'd you know?"

"I'm psychic. Why are you here in Emerald City? It's not really safe."

Sighing, I draw circles on the bar with my index finger, "I'm looking for someone."

Kyle chuckles, "Looking for someone hmm? Well whoever she is, I'm sure she's worth it."

Nodding slowly, I scratch my neck, causing a couple of people near me to watch. Weird. Have I got like...dirt or something on me? "Yeah. She's actually my sister...I'm trying to find her and the bastard she left with."

"Younger or older sister?"

"Younger. I found her diary. She said she came here at some point."

"Oh yeah. Have you got a picture? I might've seen her pass through."

Reaching into my pocket, I whip out my wallet and flick through until I find a recent photo of her. It was one we took when we were at the hospital and her wrists were healing.

I hand it to him and wait while he thinks.

I don't have to wait long though, because he makes a strangled sob sound, "Allie!"

My eyes widen, "You've seen her! Please, tell me where she is!"

He crumples over the bar, "You're Allie's brother?"

Nodding violently, I grab his hand, "Please! I need to find her!"

"My wife Lizzie and I took her in. This was months ago though...she'd run away from the De'Vierre's..."

Chewing on my bottom lip, I stand up, "Yes! Bailey De'Vierre, he's the one I'm sure she left with."

"If that's right then...well I have no idea. She could be anywhere in the world. The De'Vierre's are a very powerful, very rich family, Bailey in particular. I've heard he has houses in every country."

"Can you take me to one?" I enquire.

Shaking his head, he points to the door, "I'm afraid not. Lizzie is ill...I have to stay with her. But come with me. We need to tak about this in a quieter place."

.:Allie:.

It's the sunlight that wakes me.

Sitting up, I rub my eyes and peer around warily as I swing my legs over the side of the bed. Standing, I pad over to the huge double glass doors and open them, walking out onto the balcony. The view is magnificent. You can see the village way out in the horizon...I feel as if I'm in a movie. The romance movies where the couple have a house exactly like this and they walk out and watch the sunrise or the sunset, hold hands, kiss...only I haven't got the other half of the 'couple'.

"How are you?"

I feel him behind me, he places his hands on either side of my own on the rail around the balcony, in a manner that seems like he's trapping me beneath him, but still allowing me freedom.

"I'm alright. Yourself?" I ask him.

Turning around, I face him and smile.

He's not looking at me though, he's looking at the sunrise, "I'm fine."

Finally his gaze lowers to me and he smiles slightly, "What do you want to do today?"

"Lie in bed and watch television." I tell him with a laugh.

He raises an eyebrow, "Mind if I lie with you?"

Now that I know what's going on...it's kind of weird to know that everything he says is in an attempt to stay strictly friendly, but going as far as the boundaries will let him without crossing them. It must be hard for him though. To act like a friend instead of acting how he wants.

Nodding, I wander back inside and climb into the bed, patting beside me in invitation.

Bailey jumps up beside me, but I notice the 30 centimetre gap between us.

He turns the TV on and turns to me, "What do you want to watch?"

Thinking for a moment, I laugh, "Cartoons! I love Spongebob."

"Spongebob? Who's Spongebob?"

My jaw drops as I shift closer to him, so that I'm nestled in right beside him, "You don't know who Spongebob Squarepants is?! He's only the most...loveable yellow sea sponge EVER!"

Bailey looks kind of awkward with his arm bent inwards to keep from elbowing me in the face, so I grab his arm and wrap it around behind me, "There. Better?"

.:Bailey:.

God. Does she know what hell she's putting me through?! I'm trying to be her friend, control the

impulse to just smother her in kisses. It's awful! She's torturing me with sweetness!

Wrapping my arm tighter around her (ultimately holding her closer to me) I feel her rest her head on my shoulder while we watch this...Spongebob Squarepants. I'll admit, even for a sense of humour as old as mine, it's quite amusing. He has this pink, starfish friend called Patrick and...ah it's just funny. I can't explain it.

"Bailey?"

Shifting my gaze from the screen to Allie, I smile slightly to see her still watching the cartoon, "Yes?"

Without moving an inch, without changing expression or tone of voice, she asks, "Do you love me?"

I freeze, "Uh..."

"Don't lie. I can take it."

Hanging my head in defeat, I shift away from her, "Yes. I can't help it."

She turns and watches me. I'm half expecting her to cry of something, or yell at me about how I'm not good enough for her...

"Okay." She exclaims as she moves over to me, closing the gap I just made between us, "Why don't you act like it then?"

Frowning, I resume the position we were in before, "I didn't want to scare you off. You're too special to lose like that."

"That's sweet. Probably the nicest thing you've ever said to me. Say some other stuff?" she replies quietly.

It's not hard. The words kind of...they just feel right to say out loud, "You're the one I've been waiting for all these years. Now that I found you, I didn't want to let you go. You're beautiful, witty...perfect and I love you Allie."

We sit in silence and for a minute, I think I really have scared her.

"I love you too."

.:Kyle:.

Reaching the house, I find Lola my sister sitting on the couch chatting away to Lizzie. Peculiar to say the least considering Lola hasn't been to visit in three years.

"What are you doing here?" I ask her as Matthew and myself enter the living room.

Lola smiles, "I brought Matt here. He's looking for his sister."

"I know." Glancing over at Lizzie, I continue, "It's Allie."

Before I can react, Lizzie's eyes roll back and she crumples back against the sofa.

Great...

Chapter 22

I Kicked A Vampire - Part 22

Chapter 22:

.:Matt:.

I'm sitting in Lola's car with Kyle and we're driving through what seems to be endless country side. I think he's going to kill me. He's nice, but he's a bit...too nice if you catch my drift.

I think it would really suck if he did kill me. I'd like to say goodbye to Allie first. That is...IF she's still alive. I'm pretty sure she is, but after all this time I'm kind of starting to have my doubts about this...

"We're here." Kyle's voice is hoarse. He's been crying a lot. I don't know why or anything. I mean, I get he had to leave his wife behind and all because she's got cancer and oh...right well Lizzie's got cancer. They found out relatively recently. Kyle doesn't like being apart from her, but Lola is staying with her while he's gone so if something goes bad, she can contact him to go home quick.

Glancing up, my eyes widen at the sight of the huge gothic manor standing before us.

Climbing out of the car, I don't speak. It's amazing. I never knew...wow. Just wow.

The door opens and a platinum blonde haired young guy steps out.

He nods at Kyle, "You are dismissed. I shall take it from here."

To my horror, Kyle does as the guy says and drives off. Literally speeding, waaay over the speed limit. God, he didn't want to stay long did he?

"My name is Lyle." The guy introduces himself, "I'm Bailey's older brother...sort of. I came out first."

Nodding slowly as if I understand, I step forward, "I'm Matt. I'm...Allie's big brother. But you probably don't kno-"

"I know who you are. Come inside. I need to explain some things."

I have a choice. Stay outside and walk away and probably die by starvation or dehydration and heat stroke. OR I could go inside and maybe die in a more painless way if he's feeling nice.

I follow him inside the manor.

.:Allie:.

Strange. Since I told him I loved him, I've felt...free-er. Honestly, it's nice and the more time I spend with him, the stupider I feel for not realizing my feelings or his sooner.

"Whatcha dooin?" he exclaims and he slides across the floor, stopping beside me. He's wearing socks so he can go further. He's been practicing so he'll end up right beside me.

I don't reply and ignore him completely.

He grabs the book off me and glances at the cover, "Where did you get this?"

Shrugging, I turn away from him, humming 'I don't know' in that annoying way people do it if they don't feel like replying to someone.

"Honestly Allie, I don't see why you're so mad. It's old! It's practically an antique! I was going to throw it out years ago!"

Spinning around, I frown at him, "And why didn't you?"

Bailey looks uncomfortable, "Well...see, I still like going to visit them?"

I stare at him angrily, "You still go and see them?!"

"Yeah. I like old ladies...they always have cookies..." he explains quietly, "None of them remember who I am and I like to check up on those ones."

The book, I had been reading through, was a book of his 'conquests' as he put it. Women he'd slept with. I had been getting angrier, but at his last sentence, I

couldn't help, but laugh, "Old ladies?! You mean that-" I motion towards the book, "Really IS an antique?"

He nods and I giggle harder, "Okay..."

Then I stop as a thought strikes me.

.:Bailey:.

When she stops laughing so suddenly, I think she's had a heart attack or something. A stupid thought for me to have considering her age, but when Allie's involved, my sense of rationality is gone.

Just to check up on her, I slowly slip into her mind.

(Am I going to end up like them? Will Bailey just keep me at his side until I die from being human? He said he loves me, but he won't change me...I know the risks involved.)

Shaking my head back to reality, I shake my head and wrap my arms around her, "What are you thinking about?" I ask, knowing full well what she's thinking about.

Allie sighs, a long, almost mournful sound that makes my heart ache, "Nothing. Just about my family." Well NOW she is.

"Mmhmm. Look, Allie. It's for their own safety. If they knew about us as vampires, they would be hunted and hurt." I explain quietly.

.:Matt:.

I'm sitting in a parlour sipping iced tea. Not exactly what I was expecting, but hey, who's complaining?

The guy, Bailey's brother Lyle, he's really nice. He's been asking me random questions, but apart from that, he's polite and hospitable.

"So Matt...why are you looking for Bailey?"

Glancing up from my glass, I suddenly remember why I came on this 'quest' in the first place, "Allie. My sister. I don't think she died. My family do, they're over it. They don't even care that her 'body' is missing...I loved her more than that. I want to find her..."

Lyle frowns.

Everything's suddenly gotten...darker, "What's wrong?" I question.

He sighs, "Matt...uh-" he stands up, "I'll be right back."

Leaving the room, I wait a couple of minutes before following after him.

I stop around the corner when I see him. He's on a phone.

"He knows she's not dead." There's a pause while the person on the other end talks, "No. No I am not doing that." .... "I know! No, I'm serious! He won't stop!" .... "Are you sure? Okay..."

He hangs up and turns around, "Come here Matt."

Stepping out from behind the corner looking extremely guilty, I stare at him, "Sorry..."

"Don't apologise. Now go and get your stuff. We're going to see them."

My eyes widen as he ushes me back into the front hall where all my bag is sitting all alone, I left most of it at Kyle and Lizzie's house at his request.

The two of us wander through the enormous house until we leave out the back doors and my eyes widen in shock when I spy the jet waiting for us.

I follow Lyle up the steps into the luxury jet, gazing around myself in awe, "Wow. Is this yours?" I can barely contain my shock and excitement.

"No. Well yes...sort of. It belongs to my family." He answers as he flops down into one of the chairs.

I follow suit and sit down while the jet starts up.

"Champagne?"

Jerking around, I shake my head at the butler, "Uh no than-"

"Bring a couple of bottles. He'll need it." Lyle mutter.

"No seriously. I don't like the taste."

Lyle rolls his eyes, "Fine. Two wont do it for me, better make it five bottles." He exclaims.

This is going to be a long trip, no matter how short it is.

.:Adrian:.

The air rushes into my lungs, nearly choking me with the surprise of such a sudden action.

My eyes fly open and I clutch at my chest, "Finally." I gasp out.

Larissa is watching me apprehensively, "Your highness. How are you feeling?" she enquires.

Cracking my neck side to side, I grin as I breathe in deeply, taking in every single individual fragrance of every human within a five mile radius. It's only such a wide area because I'm a 'new born'. Usually my sense of smell doesn't reach more than a couple of kilometres.

"I feel...magnificent." I reply with a low chuckle, "How long have I been out?"

She shrugs, "A couple of hours?"

Nodding, I swing my legs over the side, "Alright Larissa. Let's go."

"Go where?" she enquires.

Slipping a clean shirt on, I flash one of those award winning smiles at her, "To show my brothers how I've changed for the better." I exclaim.

She raises an eyebrow, "Some how, I don't think that's the truth."

I chuckle as I wander out of the villa, "Why would I tell the truth when lying is so much more enjoyable?"

.:Victoria:.

Slamming my door shut, I tap my fingers on the steering wheel. As soon as I turn this car on, there's no going back.

He killed my husband and my son. He is driving the world I helped build up, into the dirt and flames. He needs to be taught a lesson.

I find Bailey and Allie and Lyle and things will get better. I just know it will...

>>>>>>>>>>>>>>>>>>>>>>>>>>>>>

Hey hope you like the story so far =D

Sorry for all these author's notes lately. This will be...well this one is a bit of an...insight or hint into the future of I Kicked A Vampire. It's a picture I drew =D

Link: http://lil-miss-massacre.deviantart.com/art/Allie-The-Stripper-Finished-142325728

Chapter 23

I Kicked A Vampire - Part 23

Chapter 23:

.:Isaac:.

"Where is she Daniel?"

Peering over at him from my place on the throne, I watch him as he trembles, "Well?"

Daniel blinks a couple of times, "W-we uh...w-w-we d-don't-t know..." he stutters.

Scowling, I slam my fist down on the stone of my seat, cracking it in half as I stand up, "And why don't you know? Her majesty is missing, I want you to find

her and bring her back. Whatever she's doing, it can not be good."

"Of course your majesty."

Daniel bows and practically sprints out of the throne room.

.:Victoria:.

I mean, honestly, did he really expect me to just sit back and play wife while he destroyed my entire world?

My hair is whipping at my face as I speed. I simply speed. Now that I've actually left the kingdom, I feel totally free as a bird so all I am doing is driving as fast as I can to get to the manor to find Lyle, Bailey or Allie.

(Mother? Mother is that you?)

It catches me by surprise to hear his voice, (Lyle? Yes it's me...where are you?)

(I heard someone think my name...I'm taking Matthew to see Allie and Bailey.)

My heart races, (Really? I need to come too...I need to, please wait? Please?)

(We're already on the jet thought.)

.:Matt:.

The jet is nice. Okay, it's thousands of times better than 'nice'. Lyle likes all my favourite bands so we have a Jethro Tull CD playing in the background.

I feel as if I'm making the trip alone though. Lyle's got this weird glazed look on his face most of the time. I wonder what he's thinking about.

I'm playing some racing game on a PSP. He just handed it to me and I figured not to let the opportunity go to waste.

CRASH!

I let out a yell or surprise as the jet jerks to the side before returning to the previously smooth flying, "What the hell was that?!"

Suddenly there is noise. Louder than anything I have EVER had the displeasure to experience!

Covering my ears trying desperately to block out the deafening sound, I watch in horror as the door of the jet swings open and things rush out into the endless blue of the sky.

Then I see her.

Mrs Victoria De'Vierre, dragging herself into the jet by her fingernails, then suddenly the noise stops as she easily closes the door and relocks it.

"The only problem I have with jumping like that, is the fact that my hair gets so very messy." She exclaims nonchalantly as she takes a seat opposite me.

"W-w-w...oh god...what the....WHAT THE FUCK JUST HAPPENED?!" I scream.

Victoria beams at me, "Oh! You must be Matthew, Allie's brother! I'm Victoria, please call me Vicky." She introduces herself politely.

I just stare at her with eyes as big as flying saucers, "Are you an alien?"

Shaking her head, she laughs, a musical sound. It's disturbing, "Oh no! Those rotten things? They have absolutely no class, no, no. I'm not an alien."

My jaw drops, "But you, you just...I feel sick." And I do. I lean over and before I even knew it was coming, Lyle had a bag under me to catch the vomit.

.:Allie:.

Antonia took me shopping. Bailey gave me his card and told me to and I quote 'Do whatever I like.' Because I 'Have complete freedom to spend what I please.'

Probably a bad thing to tell someone. Especially a girl.

BUT I surprised myself by only buying a couple of designer dresses, five new outfits, a milkshake and a pizza.

Considering I had pretty much unlimited amount of dollars to spend...I think I did well don't you?

Pulling into the driveway, I smile when I see Bailey waiting for me.

Rushing into his arms, I hug him, "Thanks! It was really nice of you to do that! I really didn't need it though."

He shrugs, "It's fine Allie...seriously, it makes me happy to spoil you." With that, he turns away from me and strolls inside.

Following along after him like an eager to please puppy, I bite my lip, "What do you want to do now?"

"How about you go watch some television or go for a swim?"

Tilting my head to one side, I frown, "Will you come?"

He turns around, a pained expression tainting his features, "I'm sorry Allie, but I have something I need to do. Why don't you go amuse yourself while you wait for me?"

My heart falls. I don't know why. It seems to do that a lot lately...I wonder if this will cause any permanent damage to it?

"Oh okay." I mumble as I stroll past him towards my bedroom.

.:Bailey:.

I have approximately 45 minutes before they get here. I'll be able to hold Matt back from Allie for only so long, so I need to explain the situation quick.

(We're about seven minutes away.)

This statement makes my eyes bulge, (What?! NO! You can't be! I'm not ready!)

(Sorry bro. Don't blame the passengers.)

Exactly six minutes and 38 seconds later, the jet rolls to a stop on the landing strip out the back.

The door opens and Lyle wanders out, closely followed by Matthew and then my mother. Wait. Mother?!

Jumping down from the roof, I stroll over to greet them.

"Matt." I embrace him warmly, "So glad you could come."

He simply glares at me, "Where is my sister?"

I smile, "She's in our room and I'll take you to see her as soon as I finish explaining some things to you."

He nods reluctantly, "Alright."

.:Victoria:.

"Bailey. Lyle and I will be in the formal dining room alright? Come find us when you're finished."

He nods and leads Matthew away, chatting to him as if he is an old friend.

Lyle and I go a separate way into the house and into the formal dining room as I'd said.

Sitting down in our places, I lie my head on the table and cry.

.:Matt:.

"You're what?" my voice is quiet with disbelief.

Bailey hands me a glass of wine, "Here. Yes, we're vampires. Would you mind telling me what you think of the wine? I had it imported." He explains.

Almost automatically, I take mouthful of the liquid and swallow, "It's nice? Now do you really expect me to believe that you and your family are vampires?!" I demand angrily.

He hands me yet another glass and takes the last one off me, "Here. What about this one? And yes! Honestly Matthew, it hurts that you don't believe me!"

"I am not drinking this stupid win-" before I finish, I bring the glass up to my lips and take two mouthfuls.

"Sorry. I don't like using the control, but you weren't doing it with the compulsion."

Shaking my head, I stare at him as if he's crazy. Wait. No he IS crazy, he's completely nuts! There is no such thing as vampires!

"Where is my sister?!" I exclaim.

Bailey sighs, "Right. Well the plan to get you drunk so you'd accept it easier isn't working, so I guess I'll move on to plan B."

Plan B? What's plan B?

Suddenly I'm up against the wall behind me. I hit it hard and fast and crumple to the floor from the collision.

Before I can react, Bailey's hauled me up the wall and his mouth is over my throat.

I feel a stinging sensation before the blood trickles out. I cry out when I feel him sucking the blood out, it hurts...

Shoving at him, I manage to wriggle out from beneath this psycho bastard, "WHAT. THE. FUCK?!"

But he's not there.

Turning around, I see him standing on the opposite side of the room and I stomp towards him, "Take me to Al-"

Suddenly he vanishes.

"Believe me and I will."

Tilting my head back, I sway slightly from blood loss. I think he took more than he intended.

"No I really didn't." he replies from the chandelier. He's hanging upside down from it! Oh god...oh god...this is so...this is freaking insane.

Dropping down in front of me without so much as a thud, he grins at me, "Okay. Want to go see Allie?"

Nodding violently, I side step away from him, keeping against the wall as we stroll through the house. Honestly ,I just want to get the hell away from him. How can Allie stand to be near him?!

We stop outside a door and he points to it, "She's in there. I'll leave you two alone."

With that, he steps back, allowing me to open it and wander inside.

There, sitting with her back to me is Allie. Her long ginger hair, her pale skin...it's all her...she's really there, she's not dead.

"Bailey?" she exclaims, turning around to look at me.

We pause, just staring at each other. Tears well up in her eyes, "Mattybear?" she whispers, her voice is barely audible.

I can't even bring myself to speak, I merely nod and close in on the space between us.

I missed her. I missed my little sister...I missed talking to her, I missed having her there to cheer me up, I missed...everything.

Jumping up off the bed, she rushes over to me, slamming into me as she hugs me tightly, "Mattybear!" she sobs, "I'm so glad to see you! I'm so glad to see you!"

Hugging her back, I lie my chin on her head and sigh contently, "I'm glad to see you too Alliephant." I murmur quietly.

.:Adrian:.

Strolling up the steps of the villa with Larissa hanging off my arm, I grin at her, well it's more of a smirk, but I don't want them to know that.

The door opens and Bailey steps out beamign at me, "Adrian! I haven't seen you in ages! Come in my brother!"

We embrace and he turns to Larissa, "And who is this?" he enquires.

She smiles almost shyly at him, "My name is Larissa. I am his fiancee." She introduces herself, just as we planned.

We have a deal. She helps me take down Bailey and I don't kill her.

Wandering inside, I walk straight past Lyle and kiss my mother's cheek, "Mother, this is my fiancee Larissa. Larissa, this is my mother Victoria."

The two women hug, "Welcome to the family." Mother exclaims happily, but she looks a little pertubed about something.

"Are you alright mother?" I ask.

She nods, "Yes...it's just...Isaac told me you had died. I told Bailey you'd died. How are you not dead?"

I wrap my arms around Larissa, "Because of her. She saved me."

"Then your father-" she begins, new hope rising up inside her.

Shaking my head, I sigh, "Unfortunately he had passed before...before she had found us."

(LIES.) Lyle silently screams at me.

"Bailey! Thank you so mu-Adrian?"

Allie stops dead in her tracks once she sees me.

A frown flickers across my features as I sense something. It's faint, but I think it's there.

Blinking a couple of times, I walk over and hug her, "Hello again my soon to be sister in law." I greet her, chuckling to myself.

She blushes, "I uh...no. No not yet, I'm too young."

Now that I'm closer, I can sense something slightly stronger. It's probably just her blood again. Now that I'm a newborn, everything seems a bit strange.

Then again...

>>>>>>>>>>>>>>>>>>>>>>>>>>>>>

Two more chapters before something reasonably horrid happens. Maybe, if I'm feeling decidedly nicer than usual, I will put it in the next chapter. What do

you think? Should I just let you all know in the next chapter or can you wait a couple of chapters? I'm not sure if I can make two more chapters without telling, so I'll have to work extra hard at filling them up with stuff to get there. lol

Chapter 24

I Kicked A Vampire - Part 24

Chapter 24:

>>>Two Weeks Later<<<

.:Bailey:.

I'm lying in bed with Allie while she sleeps, something I'm quite content with doing while I think. Matt has taken it all rather well, he still tries to convince Allie to go home with him, but she adamantly refuses (thank god.) so I'm pretty sure he'll be staying here with us. Lyle and mother are still here, they will be for a while because she's in hiding and we're all planning on how to take down Isaac. It's strange, we now have an army of just over three

hundred vampires helping us and we have no idea how they found out what we were planning.

Adrian and Larissa live somewhere else, but they come and visit everyday...Adrian has been acting strange around me for some reason and he's blocking his thoughts so neither Lyle nor me can hear them.

Suddenly Allie's sleeping form trembles beneath me and quick as a flash, she's out of bed and in the bathroom heaving into the toilet.

Just as quick if not faster, I'm beside her holding her hair out of the way while she continues being violently ill.

She stands up and washes her mouth out in the sink and I follow her back to bed, "Are you alright?"

She doesn't reply, merely climbs into bed and falls back asleep.

Two hours later, I'm in the kitchen with my mother sipping uh...well blood from the champagne glasses I'd found.

"I think Allie's coming down with something." I explain.

Mother sighs, "Why do you say that darling?"

Shrugging, I swirl the blood around in the glass before drinking it down in one go, "She's been rather ill lately. It started a few days ago. She'd wake up randomly and start throwing up and then she'd go back to sleep, completely unaffected."

"I haven't seen her for a week. She closed herself off in her room to be with Matthew." Mother notes, "Maybe I should take a look at her-oh!"

Allie smiles shyly at mother as she pokes her head around the door, "Sorry. I'm interrupting something, I'll come back later." She exclaims before turning away.

"No!" I yell, "It's fine. You can come in, we're not doing anything." I tell her.

As soon as she closes the door behind her, my mother frowns and moves closer to her, "Allie sweetheart, I think we need to talk." With that, she takes Allie's hand and leads her back out of the kitchen.

.:Adrian:.

Strolling up the steps, I gaze up at the house. For some reason, I just don't feel right by wanting to hurt Bailey.

(That's because he's your brother.) a voice silently murmurs to me. It doesn't sound like Lyle or mother or anyone I know...

(Bailey has done nothing but be kind to you.)

Oh god. It's my conscious.

(So you finally decided to wake up hmm?) I question myself.

(Yes. Now don't hurt him, if you do then your family will turn against you and you will regret everything you have ever done. The guilt will drive you mad.)

Sighing, I enter the house, (I guess so...)

"How do you feel Allison?"

That's mother's voice.

Slipping up to where they are, I hide behind the wall to listen.

"I feel fine Vicky." She replies.

"Hmm...can I ask you something? It's rather personal."

"Sure, I don't mind."

There's a slight pause before mother speaks, "Have you had sex with anyone lately?"

Allie's scent of her blood suddenly gets a lot stronger meaning she's blushing, "Uh...well...no Bailey and I haven't...you know..." her voice is barely audible.

Victoria 'hmm's and my eyes widen when I realise what she's asking.

I've sensed something about Allie these past two weeks and I didn't understand what it was until now.

"What about someone else?"

Stronger blood still meaning she's highly embarrassed, "Well...Adrian kind of...he wanted to thank...we..." she trails off, "Why?" she sounds perplexed.

.:Allie:.

Oh god...to be talking about this with Bailey's mother is...my stomach has butterflies in it and I feel sick from guilt yet again, "Why?"

Victoria hugs me tightly, "Sweetheart...I'm afraid that you are pregnant." She whispers.

Jerking out of her grasp, I gaze at her in horror, "No!" I gasp, "Oh god...he's, he's going to kill me."

"Bailey? Think about Matthew! He's you're older brother!" Victoria exclaims.

I can feel tears welling up and burning my eyes, "Victoria, would you mind if I could just...I'm going to go to my room." I whisper before fleeing.

Closing the door behind me, I go over into the walk in wardrobe and crawl in amongst the clothes so I'm hidden at the opposite end from the door.

What am I going to do? What am I going to do...

.:Bailey:.

Smiling at mother as she returns, my smile vanishes when I see her grim expression.

"What's wrong?" I enquire.

Shaking her head, she forces a smile at me, "Nothing sweetheart. Just...I'd leave Allie alone for a while okay?"

If mother truly believes that is the best thing to do for now, then I think I'll do it. Something is wrong, I don't know what it is, but if leaving Allie alone will help then I will.

.:Allie:.

"Are you alright?"

Lifting my head, I stare at him, "No." I tell him coldly.

He sighs, "I'm really sorry Allie." He whispers.

"Yeah well so am I. I just hope Bailey will forgive me and not hate me." I explain.

Adrian purses his lips, "He will. He loves you..."

Glaring at him, I motion around me, "Why are you here Adrian?"

"Well...I was wondering what you were going to do about it. I mean, there are options. You could carry it and then put it up for adoption or you could get an abor-"

"NO!" my voice cracks, "I will not KILL a helpless, living baby!"

Adrian jumps at my sudden loudness, "Of course, sorry..."

Leaning back against the wall of the wardrobe, I close my eyes, "I'm going to keep it. I'll decided what to do after it's born." I tell him.

We sit in an awkward silence for a few moments before he coughs.

Opening my eyes, I stare at him, "What?"

He shrugs, "I was just wondering if you were going to ask."

"Ask?" the confusion is evident in my tone.

Adrian raises an eyebrow at me, "Well. If I were you, I'd want to know if the father was going to stick around." He says simply.

Shaking my head, I lean into his open arms, "Honestly Adrian, I couldn't care less right now."

.:Matt:.

"Hey Bailey." I greet him.

Okay. I'll admit, things are strange, but they're not unpleasant.

I actually rather enjoy it here, it's sunny, it's warm, it's beautiful...not to mention the girls.

"Good morning Matthew." He greets me. He's quite formal. It's odd.

I smile at his mother, "Morning Victoria. Do either of you know where Allie is?"

Victoria nods, "Her wardrobe. She's hiding."

"Why would she be hiding?" Bailey and I ask at the same time.

Victoria sighs, "No reason. It's alright. She just needs to think."

Bailey's looking pretty worried right now, but he doesn't say anything, so I thank Victoria and go off to find my younger sister.

"Allie? Allie!" I call out as I enter her room.

I can hear a murmur of voices coming from the door to my left, so I open it and wander in to find myself inside an enormous wardrobe. Over in the corner is Allie who is chatting quietly to Adrian who has his arms around her.

"What the hell is going on here?!" I demand to know.

Adrian's head jerks around.

"Oh god you gave me a fright!" Allie exclaims.

I walk over to them, "Seriously, I want to know! You have been crying!" I tell Allie, "And you are engaged!" I tell Adrian, "So why are you two up here alone?!"

Allie bursts into tears and stands up, hugging me tightly, "Oh god Matt, I did something bad!"

"What did you do?" a new voice asks.

We all turn around to stare at Bailey who's standing in the doorway.

Allie bites her lip, "I uh...I'm pregnant." She whispers.

Chapter 25

I Kicked A Vampire - End

Chapter 25:

.:Bailey:.

My jaw drops.

The only thing running through my mind is the suddenly evident two sets of heartbeats thudding from inside her, numbing me further with ever beat.

Tilting my head to the side, I stare at her, frowning, trying so hard to keep the tears from forming and spilling over.

Swallowing, I run a hand through my hair, "D-do you know who's it is?" I enquire.

I don't want to know...no don't tell me...I don't want to know.

Yes you do...you do Bailey. You NEED to know.

So I can beat the shit out of him.

My fists clench and I grit my teeth together.

Allie doesn't want to tell me. Her mouth is closed and her arms are wrapped around her waist tightly as if sealing the answers within her. But then she betrays herself. Almost in slow motion I catch it, a tiny glance over at my younger brother standing beside Matthew.

Before I realise what I'm doing, I have him pinned against the wall, my fist colliding with his stomach over and over and over again. He just takes it. No complaints, no fighting back.

"You..." another punch, "Backstabbing-" a kick to his stomach, "Son of a bitch!"

He got her pregnant. He slept with MY Allie! MY ALLIE!

Hysteria overrides what little common sense I had to begin with as I kneel down and prepare to rip him apart with my own two hands.

"Bailey no!"

Arms, hands, stopping me from doing any further damage to him.

"He's your brother!"

Glaring at him, I shake my head and turn away, "He's not my brother. He is a low life twisted fuck who slept with my Harmony." I mutter. Every fibre in my body is filled with hatred towards him, resentment, rage...the words I speak are dangerously low and venomous and I mean them.

Running downstairs, I open the trap door and make my way into the dungeon I had built back when the house was first built. The dungeon proved to be...useful I must admit, but now I use it to hide away in.

Curling up in a corner, I glare daggers at the wall opposite me.

Never have I been so betrayed.

I hate him. I hate him so much.

Why do you hate him Bailey?

Closing my eyes, I let the tears fall.

Is it because he slept with Allie?

Or is it because he slept with her first?

Wrinkling my nose in disgust, I slam my fist into the stone wall, ignoring it as it cracks, "NO!" I hiss.

He slept with Allie. Allie slept with him.

I don't think I can forgive them.

And honestly, why should I?

.:Matt:.

"You're pregnant?" I ask for what is probably the fifth time in the last five minutes.

She nods, "Yes."

Nodding along with her, I control the urge to slap her and scream 'WHORE' by continuing with what I've seen, "And the dad is Adrian?"

"Yes."

My hand flies up about to hit her cheek, but I stop myself before I make contact, "Have you any idea what you've done?! How could you be so careless? How could you be so damned stupid Allie?!" I demand angrily, "You were always the smart one! The one who knew the limits! Now you've gone and gotten yourself pregnant, you've lost Bailey and you've lost the only brother who still believed you were alive..." I trail off.

"What?" she whispers, her voice trembling.

Shaking my head, I wrap my arms around her in a tight hug, "I...I don't know. I thought that I was too angry to be around you, but...you're my sister." I mumble.

She hugs me back, "I'm sorry."

Letting go of her, I walk out of the wardrobe, "I'm going to go find Bailey." I explain as I rush off to find him.

.:Adrian:.

A baby...she's going to have a baby. Not just any baby, but MY baby. My baby...my baby...I'm going to be a dad?

"Adrian how could you?" mother asks as she helps stand me up.

Snapping my arm back into place and pulling my rib back out because it was crushed in, I shrug, "I wanted revenge. I wanted to hurt him like he hurt me by leaving this family when dad needed him."

She looks upset, "I thought I brought you boys up not to hate each other...It's obvious now that I've failed at the only thing I really wanted to succeed in."

"I don't feel that way now. I was going to crush him...I needed to crush him, but I couldn't. The more I thought about it, the more I realised how stupid I was being, how much I love him. Mother, I'm so sorry."

She nods, "I know sweetheart, but right now Bailey needs me more than you..."

Nodding in agreement, I watch as she walks away before turning to see Allie grabbing a huge pile of

clothes off the hangers and shelves and stuffing them into a suitcase."

"You're leaving?!"

She nods, "Yup. I don't like being the reason for breaking a family up. I know it's too late to stop anything, but I'm still going because I don't know if I can be around him...I don't want to spend the rest of my life sobbing and feeling guilty around him and I don't deserve him. He can move on and I can go start my own life with this baby." She explains.

Pursing my lips, I begin to question her actions yet again, but decide not to and switch to, "Where do you want to go?"

.:Bailey:.

"You need to forgive her Bailey. Resenting them for this will not ease your mind or heart...they did not mean for this to happen. Do you think that Allie would intentionally go out of her way to hurt you?"

Lifting my icy gaze, I shrug, "Maybe. Wouldn't put it past her." I speak, void of any emotion whatsoever.

Her palm connects with my cheek and I hear a gasp from Matthew, "Don't you dare say that!" she hisses in a tone I've never heard from my mother in all my years, "Allie loves you, I see that every time she looks at you. She looks at you the same way I used to look at your father, I know that may seem cheesy and stupid to you, but Bailey it's true." She exclaims to me, her hands cupping my cheeks just like when I was a kid and she had to tell me off for throwing the cat into the lake.

"Bailey?"

Twisting my head, I stare at her.

Allie is standing at the bottom of the stairs, just diagonally left of me, she looks nervous. She should.

"What?"

Standing up, I glare down at her and she stares back up unblinking, "Bailey I am really, really sorry." She explains, "Don't blame Adrian. It was me, I shouldn't have let him...do you...do you think you can forgive me?"

Furrowing my brow in, well a mixture of different emotions, I slowly begin to shake my head, "I don't think so...well...I might, but it will take some time. I just, right now I'm so, so angry with you both."

She smiles sadly, "I understand. Uh...well...seeya." She waves as she sprints back up the stairs.

.:Allie:.

I find Adrian waiting in the car with my bags in the back all ready to go.

Climbing in, he raises his eyebrows at me, "Ready to go?"

Nodding, I lean my head against the window in despair, "Yep."

Then we drive.

.:Matt:.

"So...you okay dude?" I enquire of Bailey.

He stares at me in disbelief, "Uh...no?"

Nodding my head in that 'aww yup, s'all good' kinda way, I start walking up the stairs backwards, "I'm

going to go check on Al. She's a bit...well you know what happened last time she was overcome with grief." I explain.

Bailey nods, "We really don't need another trip to the hospital." He agrees with a sigh.

Strolling along the endless hallways and through many...many doors, I finally come to the staircases leading up to the second, then third storey where Allie's bedroom is situated.

Honestly, if I lived here, I'd be toned and fit and wouldn't have to worry about working out ever again. Just climbing all those stairs is enough exercise for me.

"Allie? Alliephant?" I call out her name. Hmm, déjà vu, only this time she wont be in the closet with Adrian.

Upon hearing the roar of a car, I go over to the window and see a sleek red Dodge Viper SRT10 speeding down the road away from the house.

"Nice car." I mutter to myself before continuing my search for Allie.

When I finish pulling her suite apart, I collapse onto her bed in exhaustion, "Wow. Tiring. She must be in the kitchen."

Sitting up, I feel a curious sounding snap sound beneath me. You know the type when you have a piece of paper and you hold both sides and snap the middle back and forth?

Reaching beneath me, I grab the envelope and tear it open.

In my experience. Envelopes never mean anything good. I've had two girlfriends break up with me via an envelope in my locker. One of which was a birthday card.

"Dear Matty and Bailey, I love you, blah blah blah, think it's for the best, blah blah, what the hell?!"

Jumping to my feet, I barely have to start running when Victoria crashes into the bedroom, "What is it? Shall I call emergency services?"

Shaking my head, I brandish the letter in front of me, "She's gone. Allie has ditched me again! Adrian's taking her back to the states."

Victoria hangs her head, "Damn."

"What are we going to do?" I ask.

She shrugs, "Nothing. We can't do anything. Bailey, Lyle and I are too busy with Isaac...you...you wont be able to track her this time. Adrian once ran away when we all had a fight. We searched for fifty years before we found him."

"F-fifty years?" I enquire.

She nods, "Yes. This was...sometime around the boys' two hundred and seventh birthday?"

I simply stare at her with a dumb expression of astonishment, "Right...of course...that makes sense..."

.:Bailey:.

I said I might be able to forgive her.

Maybe...

No.

I don't think I can.

This is...too far. She's gone too far.

If she'd brought home a puppy, I could forgive her and let her keep it.

If she'd burnt the house down in a sad attempt to cook, I could forgive her and build a new house.

If she'd hit me with her car and I was human, I would forgive her.

But she didn't do any of those.

Oh no. She slept with my brother. She told me she loved me and broke my heart. She got pregnant to said brother.

"She's gone Bailey." Mother's voice breaks my line of thought.

No.

I would have forgiven her...

>>>>>>>>>>>>>>>>>>>>>>>>>>>>>>>>>>>>>>>

And that is it for I Kicked A Vampire In The Nuts. I know it was meant to have her as his fiancee, but really it just didn't fit in with my plans. Lol So yup. That is the end, the finaly chapter =)

Hope you enjoyed the story!

PS. If you aren't happy with this ending, then please, tell me and tell me if you'd like a sequel. I'm only going to be writing one if I get a lot of people saying yes though.

EDIT: I have written and finished a sequel. It's called 'The Heart Of A Killer Is A Curious Thing' and it's somewhere around here...Thanks for reading =)

Love you all!

~Brenna

About the Author

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